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OUR INDIAN PROBLEM

I—THE DELUSION OF THE SENTIMENTALISTS

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR

ARE we doing our duty by our predecessors and wards in this fair land, the Red Man? An Indian Commissioner claims that the Indians are the most favored class of our people, for they are both our wards and our citizens. Many Indians are enjoying opulence from the proceeds of oil lands operated for them. Who would wish to plunge them back into a Stone Age civilization? The real and serious need is for less sentimentality and more information regarding the problem.

IF SOME sentimentalists had their way, Indians of the younger generation, products of our American education and civilization, would go back to their old picturesque dances and worships. Few of us have any notion of what the problem involves.

The average citizen of these United States, when he hears mention of the American Indian, experiences a vague feeling of mingled guilt and sympathy. These emotions, though he does not know it, are probably the result of a childhood reading of Helen Hunt Jackson's story of the woes of *Ramona*.

Dimly he imagines the once care-free savage, robbed of his ancestral heritage, pent upon a reservation,—which he envisages as a sort of stockade,—there to die in all his native nobility. The real story holds no such motion picture possibilities. It is quite as dramatic, but lacking in those crudities of dead black and spotless white with which we like our moral tales to be adorned. Instead of villain and saint, white man and red alike have been rather the instruments and victims of an irresistible movement of world population.

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A hundred and ten millions have overspread the land where four hundred years ago some three hundred thousand natives scratched a scanty living from the soil, tramped about in search of wild berries and nuts, or tracked wild game. There must have been vast solitudes across our great country; for the moccasin leaves no wide track, and the horse was unknown until the coming of the European.

In a word, America was in the Stone Age when the Spaniard's flag was planted on the beach at San Salvador. But that Age vanished at his approach; the horsemen that to the wondering native seemed a single entity, the guns puffing magic, the mystery of shining sail and gleaming sword, were all symbols of the transformation of the world he must henceforth share with an alien folk. We, children of the white race that carried out the mandates of fate, and the Indian descendants of those who met its decrees with fear or with fighting, are today alike inheritors of the rich resources brought forth by the industry and invention of the dominant race from soil which the savage barely touched.

But there is a difference in the way of obtaining our inheritance. You and I, of the white race, must work for our share of America's riches. With the Indian, paternalism has long been the order of the day. Mrs. Jackson would find her *Century of Dishonor* supplemented by more than forty years of protecting care. Today she would find the Indian richer in money, and far better endowed with land, man for man, than the white; she would find him provided with educational opportunities of wider scope than the public generally; she would find a hundred evidences of his position as the favored child of the nation,—with both the advantages and disadvantages belonging to such a status.

The changes wrought in the past are irrevocable. Could we efface America's millions, restore the buffalo and the unbroken prairie, the deer in the trackless forest, the Indian of today would be the first to protest. Without horse or gun, without the use of metals or other than the rudest of implements, he would be helpless as any of his white brothers in such a case. If we have wronged the Indian by what we have taken from him, we can not right the wrong by taking from him what our civilization has given him.

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Today we are wronging him, perhaps, in another way,—by mistaken kindness, by too enveloping a care. The Indian problem embraces a hundred deep and hard problems, which we would rather solve with an easy generosity and a warm sentimentality than by undertaking the really difficult task of judging that is necessary. The hundred different languages, the differences of original occupation and character and of contact with the white race,—these are all considerations which serve to complicate a matter that has never been simple at its best.

On your next transcontinental vacation turn aside into Oklahoma. Visit the North Fork of the Canadian and see the so-called "Mexican" Kickapoo trying to cling to his old wild life in his smoky wickiup of reed mats and saplings. See his near neighbors, the Sac and Fox, learning ways of peace and pleasantness, amidst broad fields of cotton and corn, neatly kept houses and fences testifying to their progress.

As you go on and on into the west, to the beautiful but barren country men call the desert, you will find the Pueblo or village Indian living in his communal houses, his life little changed since the days of the Spanish conquerors; then the Apache, restrained from his old life of thieving and marauding and not yet reconciled to industry and cleanliness; the Navaho, living a pastoral life whose keynote is the sheep the Spaniard brought them; the Pima, quietly farming a bare dry country in primitive fashion. So the picture changes from day to day, a new set of problems with each tribe. Desire to relieve the poverty of the Papago, contends with disgust at the havoc wrought by wealth among the Osage; pleasure in the communal life of the Hopi is diluted by the disappointment of seeing a husky young Plains Indian devour the rations issued to his destitute grandmother. Each impression gives a new light; the more we see, the less ready we are to pronounce with solemn finality a single decree to untangle so vast a network.

The great result of the public discussion aroused by Mrs. Jackson forty years ago was the Dawes Act, passed in 1887. This provided for allotment in severalty, by which is meant the division of the reservations upon which the Indians lived, assigning to each man, woman, and child, an individual portion. The size of these allotments varied; but of farming land the usual

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quota was a hundred and sixty acres. An Indian family of even moderate size would thus find itself in possession of a considerable estate.

But individual ownership of land was a difficult concept for the Indian mind. He has readily made treaties to give away vast territories, because he had never appreciated them as an exclusive possession, nor fancied that the purchaser would take any such view. The right of occupancy was all he knew; and that a tribal rather than a personal perquisite. At this distance of observation the treaties between the Indians and the original settlers seem amazingly childlike on both sides; each reading into the compact his own idea of property rights, and neither having the slightest comprehension of the other's view.

So, for the purpose of developing the Indian's knowledge of private property, it was provided that he could not sell or mortgage his land for a period of twenty-five years. For a quarter of a century the United States would be his trustee, guarding his rights while he, it was hoped, would be learning to assume the responsibility for himself.

As a means of teaching him to take up responsibility, the Act provided that every Indian receiving an allotment should by that fact become a citizen of the United States and amenable to its laws and to the laws of his State or Territory. By helping as a citizen to govern others it was hoped he would learn to make wise disposition of his own affairs. The change was a real and vital one; and throughout the next eighteen years allotment proceeded vigorously.

An incidental effect of the new status brought about a change in public feeling on the matter. It had long been recognized that intoxicating liquors had a peculiarly devastating effect upon the red man; many a treaty and law had forbidden their sale to Indians or their introduction into Indian country. But what might be forbidden to the member of a tribe could not legally be withheld from a citizen of the United States. In 1905 the United States Supreme Court decided that there could be no restriction upon the sale of intoxicants to citizen Indians.

The consequent reaction of feeling brought about the passage, the following year, of the Burke Act, which bears the name of the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, then and for some

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years Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and for forty years a dweller among the large Indian population of South Dakota. This Act was a recognition of the fact that feeling had raced ahead of actual conditions in the granting of complete citizenship. Once granted, that boon could not be rescinded; but for Indians allotted after the passage of the Burke Act it was provided that citizenship should be withheld during the trust period, to be granted with the patent in fee when events should prove the Indian's competency to exercise such rights.

In spite of this withdrawal, two-thirds of the Indians of the United States are now actual citizens. The list includes all those receiving allotments between 1887 and 1906; their children, born to citizenship; those receiving competency certificates under the Burke Act; and many made citizens by special acts, as in the case of the Osages and the Five Civilized Tribes,—Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole. The wide-spread impression that the Indian is denied citizenship is true of only the minor portion; and true in their cases only through the desire to protect them from harm.

But just as your minor child, though a citizen, must have a guardian to represent him in business, so the Indian, courts have decided, may be both citizen and ward. And the United States Government represents him as guardian and trustee, as long as restrictions remain upon his land and his funds are held in trust.

From this has grown up the leasing system, with results both good and bad. To the credit of governmental supervision we may place the management of the oil properties that have poured wealth upon certain of the tribes. It is the Indian released from guardianship who has fallen a prey to grafters and exploiters. Many a red man personally unfitted for the simplest business matters is in receipt of an ample income through the diligence of some superintendent or clerk whose salary would scarcely keep the Indian ward supplied with gasoline for his Packard.

On the other side of the ledger we must place the leasing of farm lands from their Indian owners; so that instead of the races of farmers hoped for by some ardent friends of the Indian, we have instead tribes of landed proprietors, living upon the rental of their estates, free from the labor of farming and even from the trouble of managing their affairs. In the case of old and

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ignorant Indians this management is a necessary charity; but for young and able-bodied men and women, educated and accustomed to contact with their white neighbors, it is a mistaken kindness; for it discourages the sense of responsibility we should most wish to develop. The Indian will not stand on his own feet so long as we are holding him up.

It is unfortunate that all the interest which has been aroused during the past few months should have been centered upon a situation so intricate and so unique as that of the Pueblo Indians. The legal status of any tribe is such as to puzzle the lay observer. The legal status of the Pueblos has puzzled even the Supreme Court of the United States. It goes without saying that those who have taken up the matter so vociferously have been blissfully unaware of the underlying factors and the real issues involved. A volume would not suffice to relate them. It is enough to say that the title of each Pueblo to its land rests on Spanish and Mexican grants antedating the authority of the United States; that this was for many years construed to mean absolute ownership by each Pueblo, free from wardship; that an early decision of the Supreme Court held that the Pueblos were not Indian tribes in the meaning of the usual laws applying to Indians; that the courts of New Mexico have uniformly held the Pueblos to be citizens; and that finally, eight or ten years ago, a Supreme Court decision in a liquor case declared Pueblo lands to be "Indian country," thus reversing previous decisions and throwing a cloud upon land transfers made by the Pueblo governors on the basis of their hitherto undisputed tribal ownership.

Add to these complications the fact that the surrounding population is a poor, untutored, non-English-speaking people loosely called "Mexicans," though American citizens for two or three generations, people who have lived beside the Indians believing in the right to possess what they or their grandfathers purchased, and you have the framework of a situation full of even yet unguessed potentiality for misunderstanding and confusion

It was these difficulties that the Bursum Bill was designed to meet. The cloud of obloquy that enveloped that measure was out of all proportion to its errors and inadequacies. There was never a time when proper and well-considered amendments could not have been made to it; its main provisions were not at

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all vicious, and there was every possibility of ironing out its mistakes and dangers.

But instead of judicious consideration there was hasty and emotional attack from all quarters. On the principle of the Donnybrook Fair, attackers took aim at every head in sight. The result, heralded as a vast victory, has been to make action impossible in one Congress and far more difficult for the next. Meanwhile the confused and vexing situation remains the same. Far from being "saved," the Pueblos are merely perplexed and prejudiced over a situation too deep and difficult for the Indian mind to grasp. The net result to the public has been a hysterical apprehension that some dark and sinister influence is at work to destroy the Indian. This is so mistaken as to be almost laughable; but it promises great hindrance to future attempts to apply intelligence instead of sentimentality to Indian questions.

While uniquely situated with respect to land and legal status, the Pueblo Indians have shared with all the other tribes the benefits of free education in the schools which the government has been developing throughout the past half century. There is open now to practically every Indian child who will avail himself of it, the opportunity to attend school until he has completed high school work, with the addition of instruction in some occupation or trade designed to make him self-supporting; and during all these years, to receive without charge not only instruction, but food, clothing, and shelter as well. To the white child from a poor home this would seem beneficent indeed. No Indian boy or girl is ever withdrawn from school because he must go to work to support himself or aid the family.

Life would seem to stretch out rather attractively before an Indian lad. The government physician or field matron has had a kindly eye upon him even before his baby steps have turned to the day school that gives him his first lessons in the white man's language and the white man's ways. A little later, the reservation boarding-school; still later, the big non-reservation school where he is fed and clothed and taught and prepared for a future usefulness; where in work and play he enjoys a range of opportunity such as falls to the lot of only the more favored white boy. And while he is thus cared for, his land and moneys are the special care of his guardian, the United States of America.

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So he emerges upon manhood, well cared for and well trained. If he wishes to work in the towns of the white man, his placement in industry is a matter of government concern. If he wishes to go back to farm his allotment, there will be government farmers to aid and encourage him. Or he may, alas, succumb to the lure of idleness and live indolently upon his lease moneys. The danger to the young Indian of today is not the old bugaboo of "going back to the blanket," but the danger that surrounds any boy whose circumstances are just a little too easy to supply the necessary incentive to effort.

But such a picture is not the sort of thing we have been led to expect by recent heart-rending pleas to save the Indian. These vague but vociferous denunciations make thrilling newspaper reading, but, sifted out, pay very small dividends of fact. From reel to reel the relentless villain pursues the beautiful maiden; she is ground beneath the iron heel of bureaucracy; she is rent by the cruel fangs of rapacious officials; the dogs of the slave-trader are close upon her. Finally in the last reel appears the handsome hero, in the guise of the paid publicity agent of a committee of well-meaning but ill-advised ladies. With a commanding gesture he turns back the pursuers, clasps the maiden to his manly bosom, and all is well. The enraptured audience breaks into mad applause, and again is celebrated the triumph of sentimentalism over intelligence.

Joking aside, any one who would compare Indian conditions with those of the Belgian Congo, as has been done in the course of this fervid controversy, is indulging in the maddest of misrepresentations. No one denies that wrongs have been done to the Indian; still less is it denied that errors of judgment have been many and lamentable. But such violent overstatement as this throws doubt less upon the motives of the person attacked than upon the sanity of the attacker.

The real and serious need is for less sentimentality and more information. If we really wish to help the Indian we must know something about him. We need not play medicine man, shrieking incantations into the ear of the patient and maddening him with the din of our tom-toms. The wise physician prefers intelligent inquiry, careful diagnosis, and the prescription of well-tested remedies. We should use our brains instead of our lungs.

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II—THE FOLLY OF THE OFFICIALS

MARY AUSTIN

A DISTINGUISHED author who has devoted years of study to the Indian claims that our Indian Bureau is a shameful record of bureaucratic inefficiency. The whole tendency of Indian Education as now practiced is to destroy the essential quality of the Indian and to make him of rather less social and economic account than what we are getting in shoals at Ellis Island. The Indian culture that gave us corn and an original architectural type must not be destroyed.

THE Indian problem is of world dimensions. It is the problem of Canada and of every South American State, it is the chief internal problem of Mexico, it is the problem of Turkey in Armenia, of Japan in Korea, of England in Egypt and Palestine, of all European powers in Africa. Why should not our country, rich and at peace and crammed full of executive talent, work out a solution of that problem, which we can hold up to the perplexed other nations as a model? It is the growing disposition to turn inward and attack our own problem before we project ourselves into European affairs, much more than it is a disposition to criticise the Indian Bureau that is behind this movement.

To any one at all familiar with the Indian Problem, Mrs. Seymour's discussion of it is of itself a clear exposition of the reason why it has finally become a problem of national importance engaging the acute attention of the more intelligent citizens, and particularly of the three or four million women making up the Federated Women's Clubs. For the first thing that appears in Mrs. Seymour's statement is that she is totally uninformed as to the relation of the thinking citizen to the Indian question, and only shallowly acquainted with the Indian himself.

She begins by assuming that the average citizen derives his information and his accusing attitude toward the Indian Bureau from the reading of *Ramona* written forty years ago by Helen Hunt Jackson. Miss Jackson's publishers could also have told her of another book by the same author, called *A Century of Dishonor*, one of the most shameful records of Bureaucratic inefficiency ever made in this country or any other, and so authoritative that Mrs. Seymour does not even attempt to deny it, being

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satisfied merely to say that things are different now. It is even possible that she may never have heard it; as she seems not to be familiar with anything more recent than *Ramona*, not even with the hundreds of books and magazine articles on which the determination of the American people to reform their Indian policy has been founded.

At any rate, without other reference to the voluminous literature on the subject, she proceeds to suggest a picture of the Indian as formerly existing in a wild state, roaming about in search of berries and wild game, when as every school-boy knows, the whole economic system of the American Colonies was founded on a corn and potato culture which we took over from the Indians and have improved very little since. Also that before the American Colonists could destroy the Five Nations, they had to destroy their walled towns and their granaries, and finally, that the very group of Indians, the New Mexico Pueblеños, whose distress precipitated the present crisis, are town builders, having developed a type of architecture which has given its character to one of the two original architectural types originating within the United States.

She is also leaving out of the picture the significant item that the cousins of our native tribes, a few hundred miles to the south had invented the art of writing, one of the two times in the world when this has happened, and had at the time Europe discovered them, devised a calendar for measuring lapsed time by the movements of the stars, superior to the one in use in Europe. This puts the capacity of their racial stock, though delayed in point of evolution, on a par with the stocks developing around the Mediterranean. Having thus omitted everything of real importance in describing the Indian as he was, Mrs. Seymour next attempts to present the Indian as he is, "the favored child of the Nation" the product of "forty years of protecting care" and with the bland inaccuracy of all apologists for the Indian Bureau, suggests that though "you and I have to work for our share of America's riches," the Indian has his handed to him by a too generous paternalism. But again I have to remind Mrs. Seymour that the Pueblo Indians about whom the recent trouble began, have *never at any time in their history received economic assistance from the government*, until last winter, when their lands

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and waters had been diminished by unlawful encroachments, until it is no longer possible in two or three pueblos to make a living on them. And even then the relief furnished was not all furnished by the Indian Bureau, but raised by an appeal made by the Indians themselves to the general public.

The Pueblos are, and always have been, self-supporting, self-respecting, self-organized communities, having representative government and producing arts and crafts comparable to any of the peasant arts of Europe. In thus attempting to bring them within the description of wild, seed and game hunting savages, now feeding happily out of the governmental hand, she is probably not trying to falsify the situation. She probably, though she is an Indian Commissioner, doesn't know any better; and that is the first count on which the Bureau of Indian Affairs has recently been publicly arraigned. Its members and apologists show themselves sloppily inaccurate on all points touching the history, the psychology, the racial capacity, and cultural condition of the tribes with whose welfare they have been entrusted, and for which they have been paid.

Having laid down these generally misleading lines of what the Indian is and what we do for him, Mrs. Seymour devotes several paragraphs to a policy of land allotment of which the best she can say is that it is known to have failed, and attempts to perpetuate the legend about the rich Indian who owns a Packard, and farmer Indians living comfortably on rented lands which the government manages for him.

There lies on my desk while I write, a book prepared by G. E. E. Lindquist under the aegis of the Committee of Social and Religious Surveys, called *The Red Man in the United States*, having a commendatory foreword written and signed by Charles H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The book is not written primarily as a study of Indians, but as a study of the progress of Christian Missions among Indians; the idea not being to discover whether we have made the most of our Indians for our own welfare and for theirs, but to what extent we have made Presbyterians and Baptists and Methodists of them. The primary assumption of this book is that to become a member of one of these sects is the most important thing that could happen to any Indian. Criticism of our Indian policy is therefore con-

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fined to those things which would interfere with the missionary objective. And even on this meagre ground of health and food and housing, the book utterly overthrows the rosy picture of present Indian prospects as drawn by Mrs. Seymour.

Concerning the rich Indians with Packards, Mr. Lindquist says: "the recent legend of the rich Indian is a gross exaggeration . . . a former Superintendent of the Union Agency is responsible for the statement that no more than one hundred adults . . . are receiving an income from royalties exceeding $3,000 a year. Possibly not more than a score of these can rightly be termed 'rich Indians.'"

Of the policy of land leasing he says: "unscrupulous white men after an initial payment have refused . . . to make further remittances and continue to live indefinitely rent free on the lands of the Indians." Of the Mississippi Choctaws Lindquist says: "The system is one of peonage!" Of the Omahas one of the outstanding examples of the allotment system he says: "the situation is likely to become serious . . . venereal disease affects 80 to 85 per cent, tuberculosis 25 per cent, trachoma 65 per cent. Of the Mexcalero Apache, 70 per cent have trachoma and 25 per cent are tubercular. Of the tribes that are wholly self-supporting many are mentioned but even they are visited by the white man's dread diseases. When you recall that untended trachoma ends in blindness and that Indian villages with 70 per cent of tuberculosis and 25 per cent of venereal disease are nothing but plague spots to the neighboring white communities, you will begin to see that the revolt of the American people against the inefficiency of our Indian Bureau has more of common sense and less of hysteria in it than Mrs. Seymour supposes. Again, in this book to which the Indian Commissioner has written the preface, occur such statements as this about the Blackfeet: "poverty is almost universal . . . an unfortunate feature is the exploitation to which Indians are subject."

Of the stupidities and absurdities of Indian Education (with the waste of the Indian's time and our money) I would be disposed to say little because the more intelligent Indian officials are themselves beginning to suspect that to bring up an Indian child far from his parents in a steam-heated and electrically

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equipped boarding school, teaching him, or her to set type or make Irish crochet, is not a very good preparation for living a happy useful life in a Navaho Hogan or a log hut in a Minnesota woods. But Mrs. Seymour seems to make such a point of the happy fortune of the Indian child, that it seems necessary to explain that of the trades taught him, nineteen out of every twenty necessitate his leaving his own home, his kin and kind, and living as a social outcast and an economic drifter on the fringes of white life. The whole tendency of Indian Education as now practiced is to destroy the essential quality of the Indian and to make something out of him of rather less social and economic account than we get in shoals at Ellis Island every day in the year.

Mrs. Seymour admits the hopeless legal tangles of Indian affairs, the dreary and discreditable muddle of them in the hands of the Bureau which has undertaken to manage them. She outlines slightly the muddle of Pueblo affairs which brought on the recent severe criticism of the Indian Bureau. It is true that a part of this muddle is inherited from the Spanish-Mexican regime, and was never cleared up as it should have been; but she fails to state clearly that a good half of the difficulty was initiated *after* the Pueblos fell into our hands, and *while officials of the Indian Bureau were drawing* salaries for the ostensible purpose of correcting such errors and preventing their recurrence.

Lack of space makes it impossible to go into the detailed explanation of the problem of the Pueblo lands which precipitated the wide-spread criticism of the Indian Bureau last winter. A new bill dealing with that difficulty will come up when Congress opens and full information will be supplied as the occasion demands. What I am concerned with here is to establish the general grounds of the demand for a more enlightened policy, since Mrs. Seymour's notion of what the present Indian policy has come up against, is no less hazy than her notion of Indian conditions past and present. There is no doubt that she is honestly describing what she thinks she sees, a hysterical attack "vague and vociferous" in the hands of people whose sanity as well as whose honesty she doubts. I say no doubt, because last winter the severest criticisms and the most embarrassing exposures were brought to the surface continually by the total

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incapacity of the Indian Office to take the measure of what had occurred.

The movement for a better Indian policy had been a long time preparing. It came to a head two years ago under the leadership of Mrs. Stella Atwood of the Board of Indian Welfare of the Federated Women's Clubs.

This organization is known to be composed of the better educated half of such American women as have been accustomed to use their leisure for purposes of public and personal improvement. Their sanity and the extent and accuracy of their information on public questions has never before been questioned. These are the women who are responsible for the improved tone of community life in the United States, and yet these are the women whom Mrs. Seymour finds "so mistaken as to be laughable." The Women's Clubs are leading in this movement, but they are ably seconded by other organizations among which the American Indian Defense Association is prominent, among the Directors and Executive Committees of which we find such names, George Foster Peabody, General Nelson A. Miles, Henry W. Taft, Luther Burbank, Fred M. Stein, J. P. Warbasse, Mrs. Willard Straight, Harold Ickes, Carter Harrison, Irving Bachellor, Hamlin Garland, George Haven Putnam, surely not people with whom we have been accustomed to associate either vociferousness or the emotional inaccuracy with which they are charged in Mrs. Seymour's article.

Another organization, since the war easily the most influential and largest body of learned men in the world, is the American Association for the Advancement of Science, for the first time in its history departing from pure science to lend its name and its knowledge to the movement for a more intelligent Indian policy, not only because it holds the present policy to be a violation of American ideals but because it realizes that the present policy is destroying the *inestimable treasure of Indian culture.*

And it is these people that an Indian Commissioner finds "so mistaken as to be laughable." Well then, if our Women's Clubs, our specialists in policies and economics, and our organized scientists are in that case in which Mrs. Seymour seems to find them, it is not only the Indians who are in danger, it is the whole country and the inhabitants thereof.

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Actually, what lies behind the differences of these two groups, the defenders of the Indian Bureau as it is at present organized, and the groups who are demanding a new Indian policy, is a fundamental difference of point of view. Mrs. Seymour concludes her article with saying that if we would help the Indian we must have less sentimentality and more intelligent inquiry, and careful diagnosis. What she evidently believes is that the present Bureau is exercising all the care and intelligence needed. And what the attacking organizations believe is that the kind of care and intelligence required lies almost wholly without the Bureau as organized.

The problem of the Indian is not for political appointees and civil service clerks, it is for specialists; specialists in public health, in tribal economics, in education. Above everything else it calls for specialists in the subtle and intricate relations that may arise between great forward moving nations and the small backward people incorporated in their midst.

Another factor that the Indian Bureau has utterly failed to reckon with, is the rapidly growing appreciation of such Indian culture as remains to us, as a National Asset, having something the same valuation as the big trees of California and the geysers and buffaloes of Yellowstone. The war, which set hundreds of thousands of Americans to touring their native land, went far toward teaching them that in Indian life we have a precious heritage of enjoyment, and of access to forms of culture rapidly disappearing from the earth, superior to anything the rest of the world has to offer. And in the same breath we learned that the present policy of the Indian Bureau is wiping all this out in a dull smear of ugly and ineffectual imitation of white life. That the Bureau has remained utterly obtuse to this alteration of public sentiment is proved by the order issued while the Bureau was under fire about the Pueblo problem, recommending and threatening to do more than recommend the elimination of Indian dances, which met such a storm of public disapproval that by the time it reached them from Washington, a good many Indian agents had to discount the order as they communicated it to the Indians.

This, in fine, is what the Women's Clubs and associated organizations want; an Indian policy which can at least serve as a

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starter for a world policy toward backward, dependent peoples. A policy which will insure to us the best that the Indian has to give, in place of a policy which forces upon him the worst that we have. A policy of public health which will reasonably secure us against contamination from disease in our contact with our Indian neighbors. A policy of education which will give the Indian reasonable use of himself and his native faculties in the pursuit of life and happiness. And we want this policy in the hands of a group of properly qualified people who will remember that the Indians do not belong to them, but to us, and will hold themselves reasonably sensitive to public opinion on the subject. In so far as the program and personnel of the present Indian Bureau conforms to this general outline, it has nothing to fear. Secretary Work has already shown himself amenable to such specialized information and opinion as the friends of the Indian have furnished him, notably in the case of the Palm Springs Indians of California. That something equally just can be worked out in New Mexico seems more than likely, but this much at least is certain, it will take its initiation where all movements of this kind should originate—in the public consciousness.

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MESA VERDE—A. D. 1000

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

With a Woodcut by Wharton Esherick

Niagaras, arrested in full flight,
Cliffs, panic pale, plunge over the abyss,
O patient hand of God, that chiseled this
When time was young and earth, a neophyte,
Stark in baptismal waters! Tawny white
Stone tidal waves curve out, whose shadows kiss
A multitudinous pearl edifice,
Now turning amber in the sunset light.

Women nurse babes and fires. Down the wall,
From mesa fields, men toil as children call
And laugh through canyon cedars. "It is he!"
Whisper upgazing girls; a lad pipes where
His captive eagle frets and solemnly,
In kiva depths, priests chant an ancient prayer.

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WHITE APES

Part One

FANNIE HURST

IN THE autumn the leaves drifted down past Anne Trelease's window like little hands waving goodbye. Once she caught herself waving back and felt ashamed. It was only when she was tired or lonely that she could be guilty of doing a thing like that. Waving back at a leaf! But this one had been a maple leaf with corrugated edges like fingers.

Maple Avenue was beautifully bordered with those trees. They locked branches over the sidewalk. In winter they stalked down the street in a double border of boles, and in summer their leafage trapped in the heat and kept it pressed down close until the evenings could seem to steam like a jungle. Slow, miasmic darkness. Sometimes it seemed to Anne that the vista of her life was not unlike the vista of Maple Avenue seen through the trees.

It was rather a long and monotonous street of middle-west, middle-class houses with pointed roofs and strips of front porches. Well, so was Anne's vista of thirty-eight years rather long and monotonous and speckled with the light and shade of not altogether important events, and if you had lived on Maple Avenue as long as Anne, sometimes as you strolled for a breath of the hot miasmic air, a man or a woman or a child ran down off one of the strips of verandah for a bit of chat and then hurried in again to a dinner bell or a voice.

There you had it. Down the leafy quiet of Anne's years, her contacts had been so casual. Just like that. Chats at doorways. Passings of the time of day. Always just the pausing of folks for the bit of offhand chat and then the hurrying away to their own dinner bells and their own's voices, calling.

Always it seemed to Anne, that when men talked to her they seemed to be looking at some one over her shoulder. The men who lived on Maple Avenue; the teachers on the faculty of Waddel High School where she taught; even tradesmen,—they were always looking, while they spoke to Anne, through her, at some one else.

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That was curious, too, because Anne had the maltese prettiness of a blue kitten with a bell-and-bow and at thirty-eight, because she was so small-boned and her ashy blondness had always been full of the blue-gray tinge, she was still of that pussy prettiness and that look which a bow under the chin throws up into the face.

Even when the lines came, if you saw them at all you saw them for the marvel of their delicate chirography. Anne could have walked through a narrow aisle of precious old Cocroft china without even grazing a single precious piece. She could have sipped tea from it too, and should have, if only for the littleness of the wrist with which she would have held the cup.

But Anne's wrist, slender wisp, had a fast nervous pulse in it. She always seemed a little short of breath. It kept her lips slightly apart like a thirsty bird's and when she concentrated at correcting examination papers or tying her father's black string tie for him, her tongue came out between her teeth in a soft pink bulb.

That was the Anne of twenty when she graduated from the State University; and the Anne of twenty-eight after she had been teaching English and History in the Waddel High School for eight years, and the Anne of thirty-eight after she had been teaching in Waddel High for eighteen years.

The subtle days. They crept up on you from the rear. They halted one by one, as if for brief inspection and then they marched on ahead in file, and suddenly the files were weeks long and months long and years long and you were Anne's kind of thirty-eight.

The thirty-eight of nothing having happened; the thirty-eight of a dusty kind of prettiness and of men who always, when they talked to you, seemed to be looking at some one over your shoulder.

That was how the years had passed Anne by. Not with any apparent intent. Certainly not with malice. But just as if, in a rush, some one had got left behind to the routine of not very exciting days. Some one with weakish wrists. Not tragically or unpleasantly behind. There is a lull to routine, like the rock to a boat with a lateen sail.

First of all, it was a busy routine. For sixteen years Anne had

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done the marketing by telephone, mornings before she slipped into her shirtwaist and went into her father's room to tie his black string tie. Bea, who had lived with the Treleases since Anne was a blue-gray little pussy-looking infant, still did the cooking, but she had grown so enormously stout in the sixteen years since Mrs. Trelease's death that it was all she could do to patter around the kitchen now, in her stocking feet, with Essie, Bea's sister's daughter, to help her out with the housework. So before she left for school, Anne did the ordering from the scrawl which Bea left every morning on the pad beside the telephone in the upstairs hall.

In the years since her father was no longer able to go down to his duties of secretary in the local Order of the Brotherly Bisons, adjusting his string tie had been more and more a complicated process.

Old man Trelease, as his knees began to quake under him of senility became a querulous taskmaster. Uncommunicative at best, but always kindly enough in his sour way toward Anne, now he was savage if her fingers were not nimble enough and said ugly, half-distinguishable things under his breath.

Poor old man Trelease. For years before the Society pensioned him, he had fought secretly and valiantly the fantastic inroads upon the forty years of his secretarial service to the Order of Brotherly Bisons. The fantastic signals of his looming senility. The dizziness that made the matter-of-fact floor shrug a shoulder at him. The blackness before his eyes. Star spangled. The curious trembling of the fingers that made the mere signing of a check an agony not to be endured before the office force. Once a girl stenographer had tittered and it kept ringing in a hateful little bell against his ears for days.

Poor Trelease. It was almost a relief to let down finally. To quake at the knees. To fumble with his spoon against the side of his face until somehow he found the mouth. To let the hallucinations come galloping.

There was one. Apes. The apes through the trees. It was a relief after all those years of holding back, to let them come loping through the trees of Maple Avenue at dusk A great relief except for the nuisance of Anne. She kept talking so and denying them. It was terrible, the distraction of being soothed by

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Anne all the time he was seeing them. Seeing them, with his own eyes, loping through the trees. It made him peevish with Anne. It made him rear his head from her when she tied his tie. She wouldn't let them lope up the terrace. He feared them so and yet it was easier to let them come now, after all the months of holding them off when they peered in on him at the office. The gallop of hallucinations. . . .

Even these hallucinations came to be a part of Anne's routine. As many as two or three evenings a week it had come to mean leaving her examination papers, soothing her father, coaxing him finally off to bed from his place beside the window that looked through the trees, and then back to the examination papers.

Tick. Tock. The grandfather clock on the stair landing came out like hammer strokes on Maple Avenue after ten at night, the voices of Essie and Bea who talked after they were in bed, running under the silence. Tick. Tock. Until eleven Anne usually corrected papers and by that time the house swam in silence.

It was on one of these nights, with the old man finally soothed and coaxed off to bed, and the voices of Essie and Bea dead on the silence, that the autumn leaf, drifting past the window had stuck there an instant and that Anne had waved back.

Anne at thirty-eight waving goodbye, it might have seemed, to youth. And yet it was not so simple as that. At thirty-eight, —well, it was like being ashamed to face your reflection in the mirror. It was just exactly that, because time and time again, uncoiling her psyche of ash-blonde hair before her mirror, the morning after one of these quiet evenings to herself, Anne had dropped her eyes. Dropped them before the memory of last night's jamming thoughts. The curious spangled thoughts that had never entered her unfecund youth and now, just when she should have been ready to bid that youth goodbye, came crowding, jamming, making the silence full of faces that seemed drifting past on rapid waters. Fleshy, adolescent faces with full lips that kisses had been torn from. Faces downy with light, first beards. That was what made her ashamed in the mirror. Most of all those faces downy with beard. . . .

Suddenly out of all those years of Anne's routine, the ordering

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of the rump roast from that scrawl on the telephone pad; father's necktie; breakfast to the thud-thud of Bea, stocking-footed in the kitchen; that walk down Maple Avenue to Waddel High; examination papers; Saturday afternoon shopping; the bi-monthly trip to the Brotherly Bisons to collect father's pension check; Monday's teachers' meeting; occasional private lessons to pupils about to fail; commencement exercises; summer-school classes; suddenly out of all this, out of Anne's placidity and the years that had been none too troubled with the disquietude of yearning, suddenly the new consciousnesses that could break out in a rash along her body at the forbidden thought of the fleshy adolescent faces with the light beards and the full lips that the kisses had been torn from.

The new, the tingling, the ashamed ecstasies of the classroom. All those unexcited years, those rows of boys with the dirty habits of mud-clogged shoes, and spit on hands and sweat-smelling track shirts. And now as she sat there at her desk, the new, the goosefleshing, the shaming consciousness when one of them, whose voice was changing, brushed past her as she sent him to the blackboard. Their throbbing throats where the young adam's apple bulged. The pricklings of first beard. . . . At thirty-eight Anne, with her weakish wrists and pussy prettiness full of the viscid forbidden thoughts.

Sometimes she cried at night and crowded her pillow up about her ears and beat with her fists into the mattress and then she had a little prayer, the year that Anne was thirty-eight.

"God, please don't let me be bad with my thoughts. Please—God—."

Anne bad? Anne Trelease, in her little frilled shirtwaists so decently closed at the throat with a cameo breast-pin that had been her mother's. Anne, who walked so deftly to school each morning, trip, trip down Maple Avenue on her rubber heels. "That nice little Miss Trelease. So kind to her old father. My daughter had her in English. So sweet."

Sometimes when one of the boys came slouching up against the desk, now in these hateful, these half ecstatic months, just a boy with his young neck tanned and full of the beat above his collar, poor Anne, up went her hand to her own throat as if to quiet it.

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"God, please don't let me be bad with my thoughts. . . ."

There was one. Lope, they called him in the astonishing vernacular of the football field. Lope Stifel. Probably because he had a long shambling kind of lope that carried him down the football field to enough touch-downs to have upheld Waddel High's interstate supremacy for four consecutive years.

He was about five years older than the run of the boys. Long-armed, shaggy, with his shoulders developed to two great humps and almost a simian shamble to him. A great hulk of a tan fellow. Tan skin, tan eyes, and tan hair which grew in a clump down over his rather sullen eyes and which he kept shaking back by jerking his head.

The class with which Lope had entered Waddel High had been graduated three years. Spike Rodenberg, Lope's running pal those first three years, was about to be a senior at Northwestern University. Larry Hannigan, star full-back with Lope during that same term, was a full-fledged draftsman at the city water-works and had buried his first child and his second was teething.

Lope, the subject of many a teacher's meeting, but in the end tolerated by the faculty for his prowess and adored for it by the students, was about to fail again to pass his semi-annual examinations.

That was the summer, with the hope of college entrance by February, that he took private lessons in English Composition and English History from Miss Trelease. Northwestern University needed a half-back.

So every Monday and Wednesday and Friday evening during the long motionless summer, when the dusks of Maple Avenue were like stagnant pools, hot, miasmic and full of buzz, Lope Stifel arrived for his lesson in a small, two-seated roadster in which he tore down the street with a whizz, just about in time to rush against the grain of Maple Avenue, running its ruminative toothpicks in ruminating rows on its verandahs, and to startle old man Trelease out of his first light doze into which Anne had soothed him.

"Evening, Miss Trelease."

"Good evening, Lope. Don't slam the screen door, please. Father is dozing off."

"No'm."

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But usually it had already slammed.

"Oh gee, Miss Trelease, didn't mean to."

"It's all right. Let's see, now, did you do that geneological tree of the Tudors for me, Lope?"

"Miss Trelease, I was sick last night."

"Lope, Lope, how do you expect me to help you, if you don't help yourself?"

"I'm sorry, honest, Miss Trelease, but I was awfully sick last night."

"That's the third successive time you've failed me and I never did get that little table of the Lake poets."

"I'll bring it next lesson, Miss Trelease."

"Come then, let us start with the Tudors. How many sovereigns did the House of Tudor give to England?"

"Henry VII was born. . . ."

"Not so fast. Not so fast. Let us start back with Tudor, son of Gronw."

"I was sick last night, Miss Trelease—I didn't—get that—far—."

The blistering evenings across the dining-room table with the dome of light beating down on them and Lope's breathing coming out in two hot streams that sometimes she could feel on the back of her hands.

He was like a cub. Full of loose joints. Sprawly. Half the time his great arms lay full length out into the center of the table. The light and the buzz of summer and the aftermath of his heavy, meaty dinner made him drowsy, not to mention the printed page which could blur into mere heat waves under his heavy eyes.

"Lope, you must pay attention."

"I'm listening, Miss Trelease."

"Then repeat to me what I was saying."

"It was just at the end there that I didn't get it all."

" . . . Duke of Bedford died in 1495. . . ."

"1495. See, I'm listening."

" . . . leaving no issue except bastard daughter Ellen, said to have been the mother of Bishop of Winchester. Lope, Lope stop knotting the fringe of the table-cloth. Pay attention."

"Yes, Miss Trelease—no issue—Duke of Winchester—."

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"Lope, stop cracking your knuckles!"

Lope's hands. They were enormous with a great spread to the fingers and palms worn pale and shiny from fierce encounter with the pigskin. Leather-looking palms, as if they had swung him from tree branch to tree branch. Great calloused hands with channels of hair up the backs. Sometimes Anne, sitting in his shadow beside him at the table, would watch those hands with her breath jamming in her throat and the dreadful shaming ecstasy of gooseflesh out all over her.

"Lope, name the seven decisive battles in the history of the world." Oh God, please don't let me be bad with my thoughts— "Come now—Marathon—Arbelu—Tours—Hastings—come Lope, recite—."

"Iliad—"

"No, no, Lope. The Iliad isn't a battle, you know that! Come, Tours—Hastings—Blen—Blen—."

"Blen*heim!*"

"That's it! Go on. Go on."

"Blenheim. . . ."

"Don't shuffle that way. You're nervous, that's why you don't concentrate! Oh—Lope!"

"Excuse me, Miss Trelease, I didn't mean to ram into you that way with my elbow. I was just trying to get a peak at my notes. Excuse me for shoving, Miss Trelease."

"That's all right, Lope. It's just the heat. Get's so hot in here under the lights."

Long after he was gone, whistling the moment the screen door slammed after him, and his car making the grade of the street with one long blast of siren, Anne remained crouched in the glare under the dome of electric lights, there among the scattered books. Trembling.

* * *

Gradually but unmistakably, old man Trelease's hallucinations were growing more frequent. Usually they began just before his bed-time, so that it was difficult to get him to go to his room. You could generally tell what was coming by the crinkled old eyelids. They would begin to flutter at what he could see through the trees. Anne had learned to dread those waving old eyelids.

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"Now Father," she would warn, as they sat beside the window, looking up Maple Avenue through the trees that could be bony looking and gaunt in winter and full of the soft rush of birds and of leaves in summer. "Now, now—father—."

"Daughter, don't you see—over there—coming—at me, through the trees—."

"No, Father. Those are only the Pocok children playing on their lawn. See Father, that's dear little Buster riding his kiddie car down the terrace."

"No. No. Through the trees. Those are apes, daughter. Through the trees. White ones! 'Way off there—."

"Why Father, what an idea. That's Larry Pocok. The white you see is his shirt sleeves. See, Father, he's mowing the lawn."

"Apes—daughter—way off—coming—."

"Our lawn needs mowing, too. One of my boys will be glad to earn pin money doing it after school. Lope could mow it for us in no time, but he is rich and doesn't need pin money."

"Apes—."

"Just see Father, all those weeds in the nasturtiums. Bea cannot stoop any more since she is so stout and I cannot seem to find the time."

Sometimes the old man, diverted, let it go at that and was dozy enough to want Anne to lead him to bed. Sometimes the lids began to wave faster in the fashion that was so disquieting.

"Scat, you! Get my gun. Here, my cane will do! Scat! Those white apes—baboons—after me. Get my gun, daughter."

"No, Father, those are not apes. Sit down! All you see are the Pocok children playing. Dear little Buster. . . ."

"I tell you, I see—."

"You do not! Come dear, we'll walk across the street and see for ourselves. I tell you those are only the Pocok children at play."

Frequently, to the ring of conviction in Anne's voice, that worked. Slowly, step by step, the old man's feet shuffling and his cane dragging, they crossed the street to the Pocoks. Slowly, step by step.

"Now, you see, Father! Hello, Buster dear. Father, stoop

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down and touch little Buster. Come darling, and shake hands with Grandfather Trelease, and let him feel your warm little cheeks. No, baby, don't be frightened. Here, take my hand. So! Now, stroke Grandfather Trelease's cheek. Grandfather Trelease is so tired. Isn't he adorable, Father. See dear, here are all the Pocok children and there is Mr. Pocok mowing the lawn."

"Good evening, Mr. Pocok. My, but that green does smell good through the damp! Yes, Father and I are out for our little after-supper constitutional. It's Mr. Pocok, Father."

"Who are you—."

"Why Father, it's Mr. Pocok. You know him. His eyes aren't so good any more, Mr. Pocok."

"Well, neither are mine, Miss Trelease. We're none of us getting any younger. Time waits on no man."

"Daughter, who is that?"

The neighbors knew in a vague way. But never from Anne. Bea and Essie talked it over back fences. At the old man's feeble passing, eyes wig-wagged from verandah to verandah, but when Anne walked out with him, her head was high and when he said something irrelevant or a little outlandish, quickly and proudly she spread the skirts of her volubility over the painful moment.

"There's a big band of them coming through the trees tonight, Mr. Pocok. Apes. White ones. Have you got a gun. . . ."

"Father loves his little breath of air before bedtime, Mr. Pocok. How's Tod? That's good. First thing we know he'll be old enough to enter Waddel. Yes indeed, school closed last month but my private lessons and the summer term manage to keep me pretty busy. Come, Father. Good night, Mr. Pocok. Father, tell Mr. Pocok goodnight."

"If I had a gun. . . ."

"Tell little Buster goodnight, Father. Goodnight, little darling. Remember Father and me to Mrs. Pocok. Goodnight. Please, Father—come—."

It could be pretty dreadful, sometimes, getting the old man to bed.

* * *

One night something so strange and delicious happened. The

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heart leaped back and shied. It was this way. Seated there at the dining-room table, huddled in the enormous shadow of Lope, and trying to guide his gritty gaze along the symphonic lines of *Il Penseroso* (prescribed reading, fourth semester) Anne, ashamed of the skippety beat of her heart, because Lope's hand, with the channel of hair up its back, lay so closely beside her small one, put up her two arms suddenly in a cross over her chest as if she would huddle away from thoughts that revolted her.

The faint perfume of her. It rose in a little scented puff of the talcum she used. That, and the ecstatic brash of her flesh which rose too, as if some one had rubbed the soft nap of down the wrong way. It made her a little rigid. A little telegraphic. And Lope, great lout, who had never heeded, much less smelled, a woman's perfume, or cared, turned, to some mysterious fillip, and looked down at Anne there in her tortured pretty attitude with her arms across her chest and the fine babyish hair that looked yellow in the light, spraying away from her head in a fuzz that was suddenly excited.

"Lope!" cried Anne, for no reason that she knew, except in a sort of warning ejaculation as she saw him slowly redden. He could have scooped her up with one curve of his great long arm, and incredibly, and because both of them were conscious of his bigness and her smallness, the nearness and the imminence, did! Flame of lips. Singing, singing flesh. . . .

It was he who drew back first, stunned with his sensations and stung with his fear.

"Miss Trelease, I didn't mean. . . ."

She wanted to dart back and even to let her hand fly in stinging rebuke across his cheek, but she could no more have raised the gesture. She was like a tendril that had been uncurled and wanted to fly back into curl again.

"Lope," she cried beaten by her impotence, and her eyes riveted and hating to be riveted. The fear went out of his face, leaving just the strange new fatty look, and the dark red came flowing back and his teeth shone out very bright and the slits of his eyes, and the curve of his great long arm shot out about her again and once more the flame ran along their lips. . . .

"Lope, this is terrible. . . ."

"You little bittsa thing you!"

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"I'm so—bad—."

"No—."

"Yes—."

"Too little and sweet to be my teacher. Kiss me. I never knew. . . ."

"What'll I do, Lope?"

"Cuddle up. I'm not afraid, if you're not."

"Oh, oh." She could have swooned of self-repugnance, and yet she lay in his arms and the nap of his coat was against her cheek and her eyes were riveted. Not the nice blue eyes of Anne Trelease at all. . . .

"You're a little bittsa thing," said Lope grown bold now with the strange new rollicking wine in his veins. "Cuddle up. Put down that old history of England. Let's go riding—."

"No, no."

"Joy riding."

"Couldn't leave Father. Come Lope—where were we—War of the Roses—."

For answer he tore the book from her hands, mashed his lips against hers and her head went back against his arm. So far back that her little face seemed upside down and her eyes were dilated and the blood made a dark red stain of her cheeks.

"Lope—the War of the Roses—."

"Cut that. You're not my teacher any more. You're my—girl."

"Oh, oh, oh. Don't make me hate myself any more than I do. I—why I'm old enough to be your—."

"You're a little bittsa thing and I'm big enough to carry you off with one hand. Come on, let's take a ride. Out. Away."

"I'll never hold up my head again."

"I'll hold it for you. There."

"Lope—Lope—there never was anything so dreadful as this. I think I must be the worst person in the world."

"Look at me. I'm doing it too. What's bad about kissing."

"You're not bad, Lope. It's me. Go now, Lope. Go home. Oh Lope—Lope—I can't help it. I don't care—kiss me once more, Lope—Lope—."

"I won't go home. I want to take you out riding."

"No—."

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"You're my girl, you are!"

"You mustn't talk like that. It's not nice."

"Why isn't it? All the fellows have them. I never had one because—well, because I never had one. Girls, they're silly. You—you're my kind. Little bittsa. Gee, look at that hand, will you? Little bittsa. Come on, I want to take you riding. Cuddle up."

"Lope, that's common. Gentlemen don't talk that way to—ladies. I know I'm to blame but—but you mustn't talk that way."

"Well, how should I talk. We're sweethearts, aren't we? We kissed. Let's kiss again. Again. That's not common. All fellows and girls kiss. There's nothing common about wanting you to cuddle up. All fellows and girls do."

"I'll never look myself in the face again. Go Lope. Go home. I want to be alone."

"Aw now, Miss Trelease, I'm sorry. But you were the one—started—."

"I know Lope. I know. Please, just go. I'm not blaming you. Only hating—hating myself."

"Tell me what you want to do. We can't go back to being teacher and pupil any more. We kissed. We're—."

"I want you to forget. Lope if you want to help some one who needs help as she has never needed it before—I want you to forget the shameful thing that has just happened."

"Shameful? Shameful nothing. There's nothing bad because we kissed. I—honestly, Miss Trelease, I've never been stuck on anybody before. There's nothing shameful about two people being stuck on each other. That's the way people get married. They have to get stuck on each other first, don't they?"

"Yes, but that's different—."

"Sure they do. I'd like to get married to you. Say, let's get married, Miss Trelease. Let's you and me get married. You're so little bittsa, I could carry you around the house in one hand all day."

"Why—Lope—."

"I'm twenty-one. My guardian can't make me do anything I don't want to do. When I'm twenty-five I don't have to live on the income of my money any more, Miss Trelease. I come

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into it all. Thirty thousand dollars. Let's elope, Miss Trelease. You and me. There's nothing common about that. A girl and a fellow eloping to get married. Larry Hannigan did it. I'm a man. You're a bit older than me maybe, but so little bittsa—."

"Lope, I'm old enough to be your—."

"I—I never knew it before tonight, Miss Trelease. 'Course I always liked you—but—why—I just feel funny all over—that's how stuck I am on you. Lots of fellows marry girls a little older. Nobody's my boss. Let's go out—pile in the car—and elope. Lots of the fellows do."

"Lope Stifel, that would be insanity. I'd never dare show my face in Waddel High again!"

"You won't have to. You do the staying at home and I do the going to work. I got a hundred a month income and I can get a job in my guardian's soda pop factory. He wants me to stop flunking out and come in and learn the business from the bottom up, anyhow. You could turn into Mrs. Stifel just by riding with me over to Belleville or somewhere until we dig up a license and get some old gink of a magistrate to marry us.

"Lope—it's the wildest scheme I ever heard of."

"Nothing wild about getting married."

"My father—."

"Well, other people with fathers get married."

"Everybody would think I was crazy. Me, old enough to be your—."

"There's nothing old about you, Miss Trelease. Any girl as little as you, just stays like a baby all the time. I'd carry you around the house all day just like you were a baby. Like this. Cuddle up. Let's be spoony like real lovers—."

"But—."

"No buts. Come on, I'll cuddle you up in the car, next to me —close—the way you are now, and we'll elope—to Belleville—."

"Lope—I—I don't know—I feel like I'm going to faint—."

"You won't faint if I kiss you hard enough. Come on, we're going to elope and then when we're married I'm going to carry you around the house all day—little bittsa thing, you—come on, we're going to elope."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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WHY EUROPE HAS NOT MADE PEACE

II—THE WASTED TREASURE

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

FROM the eighteenth century Europe inherited three treasures: Christianity, humanism, and liberalism, which she threw to the winds in the recent conflagration. There are signs, however, that she is beginning to learn her lesson, and although the air is still full of strife and international distrust, future historians will be able to say that militarism was slain by the war of 1914. Dr. Ferrero believes that the peoples of Europe are effectively disarmed and that the military system will never recur.

WHY has Europe failed to make peace after so terrible a war? We have discussed it in the preceding chapter and have come to the conclusion that Europe had shown lack of vision and of spirituality, and in consequence was unable to distinguish between truth and the hallucination of ambition and revenge. But why was Europe lacking in clear understanding? In my mind there is but little doubt as to the answer. We must begin by observing that since 1848 Europe had dispersed and wasted her ancient inheritance, the ideals which her ancestors had transmitted to her. This is perhaps the most important fact in the history of the second half of the nineteenth century and of the first twenty years of the twentieth century, and we must pause and observe it. Furthermore, the phenomena of wasting spiritual inheritances and casting aside ideals does not belong exclusively to Europe, but extends to all the so-called western civilization. We may well include America, Australia, and the white population of Africa, when we say "*De te fabula narratur.*"

Three treasures the nineteenth century inherited from its predecessors: Christianity, humanism, and the humanitarian liberalism of the eighteenth century. All three of these treasures were accompanied by sentiments, traditions, regulations, schools, and principles which served the purpose of suppressing and controlling the egotistical violence of human nature. In fact they had a calming influence on the beast which slumbers within each of us. These treasures have been by us dispersed and almost lost.

Is Europe really Christian? In appearance, yes. On every street corner we see churches of various denominations; their

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doors stand open, services are being held, bells are ringing; but how many real Christians are there? I mean those who firmly believe man to be a fallen angel for whom the necessary redemption can be obtained only through a humble understanding of his own depravation, and through an effort to overcome it. To be fully conscious of the imperfection of human nature is the very essence of Christianity.

The very essence of the modern spirit instead, is one of complacent self-assurance which makes every individual, every class, every nation believe in its own perfection. Self-satisfaction brings each one to find fault with the other, or with destiny, upon which they cast the responsibility of personal or national misfortune. In an atmosphere so loaded with optimistic complacency, nothing more than a pale remembrance of Christianity can survive.

As to humanistic ideals; it is true that we have more classical courses of study than ever before, and too great a number of professors teaching students the lines of Horace and Pindar. But from these teachers what do we learn of the real Virgil, the real Livy, the real Horace? No one cares to seek in these remnants of two passed civilizations the model of sobriety and virtue which lends strength to style, clarifies judgment in politics, and quickens the sense of beauty and refinement in manners. The eighteenth century bequeathed to us three words which came like three archangels, emerging from the tempest and alighting on the ancient soil of Europe: Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood. The words were lightly uttered, the archangels were perhaps a little optimistic and frivolous in their garb, but in these words we had the text of a great sermon. The words spoke to the strong and told them to beware of abuse of power, told the fortunate not to presume that they were better than others; and a call went forth to the various social classes and peoples of the world enjoining them to unite and help one another. And now do we still see anyone who has faith in these words?

Brotherhood. The peoples of the earth are filled with hatred and fear. They hate because they fear each other, and fear comes from hate.

Liberty. The half of Europe from Italy to Russia is governed by a military dictatorship.

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Equality. People and classes seek to exterminate one another, while the riches of the earth have been distributed with regard neither to need nor to merit.

Ernest Renan once said that we were living on the perfume from an empty jar. He was right. The roots of noble sentiments and fundamental good taste rotted, only to give place to the weeds of immoderate ambition.

The fast growing population, the higher standard of living, the desire of gain, the ambitions suddenly aroused at the base of crumbling thrones have made us realize that the masses have progressed and acquired a facility formerly unknown to them. But the intellectual elite has been rapidly disappearing; Democracy has exalted the valleys and laid the mountains low. A general impulse of materialism has spread fever in lives and customs. Gain, luxury, success have dulled the sense of righteousness, charity, and legality. Everything has yielded to the passions of the moment, in nations as well as in individuals.

Between 1890 and 1895 the people of Europe seemed to be about to forgive and forget. Even Germany appeared to be making an effort to conceal her recent and too conspicuous booty. But the ambition of conquest awoke again in England at the end of the last century. A terrible word "imperialism" polluted the dictionary of the occidental world. England's bad example found ready followers in America, in Germany, in France, in Russia, and in Italy; and while engineers and chemists were arming the war god and endowing him with the most monstrous means of destruction, writers and philosophers preached to the strongest to avail themselves of the weakness of their neighbors, —"*etwas erverden*" was what the second Wilhelm said to the second Nicholas; grab something, by hook or by crook. Not even peoples similar in race, language, and civilization succeeded in living in friendship. Arbitration, disregard of treaties, lack of loyalty were matters of which powerful nations boasted.

When the World War broke out, there was a moment of contrition and repentance. Those who were privileged to witness it, will never forget the religious silence with which Paris faced the eventful days in the latter part of 1914. The entire nation seemed to realize that it had been at fault and that the hour for expiation and redemption had come.

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But it did not last. The war demon exasperated personal and national selfishness. When the struggle ended, all the chivalrous virtues of justice, humanity, duty, service, sobriety of thought and action which had made our civilization great, were dead. Only a little charity survived in women, and the heroic temerity of Icarus still lived in men.

No one will deny the tribute they deserve to the intelligent youths who entered the war with heroic courage. Every form of sacrifice is entitled to the utmost respect. At the same time, however, it is necessary to recognize that this spirit of sacrifice, when carried to excess, reveals the latent savage in human nature. The very impetus which made heroes during the war, is, in time of peace, responsible for the fanaticism of excessive nationalism, which preaches to Europe about eternal war.

When I come to say this, I seem to hear the interruption of an irritated voice, which says "then you acknowledge it. The war for liberty and justice was an imposture. We were right when we said to the people that 'the war for liberty and justice' was only a phrase designed to make them fight for gasoline and raw materials." This is not what I mean. The leaders were sincere when they spoke of war for liberty and justice. The sentiment, which moved Europe first, and ultimately America, was sincere; it was the finally awakened instinct of self-preservation against the overwhelming power of Germany. At that moment Europe understood that the strength of which she was so proud would end with the destruction of her greatest treasure,—that is to say, the inheritance of an ancient civilization.

Unfortunately western civilization is founded on passions which the present generation no longer knows how to check. Religion, tradition, the wisdom of recognized authority and even personal interest have proved useless. Because of these passions Europe fought the most terrible war in history and does not know how to make peace. I mean that Europe does not know how to reap from the war the only benefit which might have partly recompensed the winners and saved the loosers from despair. Europe is therefore threatened with total destruction and a return to barbarism.

But this tyrannical reign of passions was not set up in a day, and is not without deep-rooted reasons. Who can presume to

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guess when this tyranny will give way to better sentiments and clearer judgment. Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps a hundred years from now. And if some oracle estimates that there will be a change within a century, shall he not be dispensed from saying to his contemporaries that they are blinded by passion? What great movement in history has not begun with partial failures? Who could doubt that the efforts of centuries are worth such a result?

Yes, the war which started like a crusade for liberty and justice ends in a fight for the coal mines of the Ruhr and the oil fields of Mosul. The winners have unconsciously been smaller than the cause which they defended. Have the laws which govern the world changed? Has folly become wisdom and vice virtue? It is true in 1924, as it was in 1914, that Europe will never have peace unless she makes a sincere effort to want it. Peace will come only when the dominating passions give way to a little modesty, a little generosity, and a little wisdom. It is all very well to stamp upon Christianity, humanism, and humanitarianism; but we must go back to them if we care for peace, prosperity, and order. And as long as they are neglected we will have war, hatred, misery, red anarchy, and white tyranny.

The five disastrous years which have elapsed since the end of the war are only a page of the great history which tells of the defeats and victories of man. Let us not despair, and if the future is dark, let us turn to the past, because here at least we see clearly and can find some reason for comfort.

Notwithstanding the many bitter disappointments, we can say that the bloodshed has not been entirely vain. One thing has been obtained, and this will remain a victory over which centuries will rejoice and which, with the passing of time, will be magnified by history. Militarism, that terrible instrument devised in the nineteenth century, was shattered by the war in the very hands of Europe. It little matters if shortsighted governments full of horror and fear are exhausting their last resources by arming soldiers and soldiers.

The monstrous elephantiasis of strength which began in Europe with the French Revolution and Napoleon is finished forever. The German army has vanished as well as the Austro-Hungarian. Has either England or Italy an army? No one can

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give a definite answer. The French army is still standing and larger than before the war; other smaller armies still drill above the ruins of the empire of the Hapsburgs. Besides the money to support them, these armies now lack the model which inspired their birth and growth, the model which was French up to 1870, German from then onward.

The military mill which was grinding down Europe for thirty years preceding the war has been destroyed by its own weight. *Mole ruit sua.* What armies are left are but the fast disappearing remnants of a great ruin. Europe will no longer be the terror and scandal of a world. Look at America; look at Asia,—do they appear to be forests alive with bayonets? Do they not live with small armies? Before the French Revolution did not all civilizations teach that armaments must be good, but few? One must be neither impressed nor frightened by what Europe is still spending for armaments. This money is terribly wasted, and could find better use in building up what the war has destroyed. These expenditures may be a proof of Europe's moral weakness, but they cannot rebuild a military system which is forever dead. Europe still has millions of men compelled to idle in military barracks, but has no longer the armies necessary for a war. The capitulation which Europe made in Lausanne in regard to the Turks is a proof of what I have said. If England, France, Italy had wanted to send 200,000 men to the Near East it would have been sufficient to dictate the conditions of peace. Notwithstanding the facts of their being great powers, they were unable to do so.

The military history of the world which opened its terrible parenthesis with the French Revolution is about to be closed. Few have noticed it now, because men are apt to believe that what has been, will last forever. But the illusions of men do not change the course of events. Also we Europeans will return and are already on the road to the supreme rule of wisdom; and that is, that you cannot go forward, and you cannot fight, if you are overladen with iron.

And if we gradually endeavor to go back to the real spirit of Christianity, to the real humanism, we shall finally see the true spirit of humanitarian liberalism flourish once more in Europe.

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MY LIFE IN ART

Part Two—Recollections of Chekhov

Constantin Stanislavsky

IN THE February issue Mr. Stanislavsky pictured the months of hard work, doubt, and excitement that preceded the opening season of the Moscow Art Theatre twenty-five years ago. In this second article of his autobiographical series, he gives intimate glimpses of Anton Chekhov at the time of the Moscow Players' visit to the Crimea in the first flush of their triumph. While there they established friendly relations with Maxim Gorky and many other writers of fame.

ILLNESS prevented Anton Pavlovich Chekhov from coming to Moscow during the season. But with the advent of spring, 1899, he arrived with the secret hope of seeing *The Seagull*, and demanded that we show it to him. "Listen, I must see it. I am its author. How can I write anything until I have seen it," he repeated at every favorable opportunity. What were we to do? The season was over, the theatre was in the hands of strangers for the summer, all our belongings had been taken away and stored in a small barn. In order to show Chekhov a single performance, we would have had to go through almost the same amount of preparatory work as we did for the beginning of the whole season, that is, we would have had to hire a theatre and stage hands; to unpack the scenery, the properties, the costumes and wigs; to collect the actors; to rehearse; to put in the necessary lighting system, and so on. And as a result of all this, the special performance would be a failure. But Chekhov's word was law to us.

The special performance took place in the Nikitsky Theatre. It was attended by Chekhov and about ten other spectators. The impression, as we had expected, was only middling. After every act Chekhov ran on the stage, and his face bore no signs of any inner joy. But as soon as he saw the backstage activities he would regain his courage and smile, for he loved the life of the theatre behind the scenes. Some of the actors were praised by Chekhov, others received their full meed of blame. This was true of one actress especially, with whose work Chekhov was completely dissatisfied.

"Listen," he said, "she can't act in my play. You have an-

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other actress who would be much finer in the part,—a much better actress."

"But how can we take away the part once the season is over?" we defended ourselves. "That would amount to the same thing as if we threw her out of the company. Think what a blow that would be. She won't be able to bear it."

"Listen, I will take the play away from you," he concluded, almost cruelly, surprising us by his hardness and firmness. Despite his extraordinary tenderness, delicacy, and kindness, he was severe and merciless in matters of art, and never accepted a compromise. In order not to anger and excite the sick man, we did not contradict him, hoping that with time everything would be forgotten. But no. At moments when we least expected it, Chekhov would repeat: "Listen, she can't act in my play."

At the special performance he seemed to be trying to avoid me. I waited for him in my dressing-room, but he did not come. That was a bad sign. I went to him myself. "Blame me, Anton Pavlovich," I begged him.

"Wonderful! Listen, it was wonderful! Only you need torn shoes and checked trousers."

He would tell me no more. What did it mean? Did he wish *not* to express his opinion? Was he laughing at me? Trigorin in *The Seagull* was a young writer, a favorite of the women,—and suddenly he was to wear torn shoes and checked trousers! I played the part in the most elegant of costumes: white trousers, white vest, white hat, slippers, and a handsome makeup.

A year or more later I again played the part of Trigorin in *The Seagull*, and during one of the performances I suddenly understood what Chekhov had meant. Of course, the shoes must be torn and the trousers checked, and Trigorin must not be handsome. In this lies the salt of the part. For young, inexperienced girls it is enough that a man should be a writer and publish touching and sentimental romances, and the Nina Zarechnayas, one after the other, will throw themselves on his neck, without noticing that he is not talented, that he is not handsome, that he wears checked trousers and torn shoes. Only afterwards, when the love affair with such "seagulls" is over, do they begin to understand that it was girlish imagination which created the great genius in their heads, instead of a simple mediocrity.

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Again, the depth and the richness of Chekhov's laconic remarks struck me. It was very characteristic of him.

A Journey to the Crimea

This was in the springtime of our theatre, its rarest and most joyful moment. We were going to visit Anton Pavlovich in the Crimea. It was our first guest journey, it was our debut on the road. We were the heroes of the day not only in Moscow, but in the Crimea also, in Sevastopol, in Yalta. Like Mohammed we said to ourselves: "Anton Pavlovich cannot come to visit us because he is sick, but we are going to visit him, because we are in the full bloom of health."

The actors, their wives, their children, the children's nurses, stage hands, property men, costumiers and costumières, wig-makers, several carloads of properties and scenery, moved from cold Moscow to meet the sun of the south. Take off your fur coats, take out your summer clothes, your straw hats! What if we freeze a day or two! We shall be warm when we arrive. We were to travel two days and nights. A whole railway carriage was at our disposal. All this makes one joyful when one is young and spring is in the air. I cannot describe the practical jokes, the ridiculous scenes, the comic telegrams which we sent to our friends while on our way, the choral singing and the solo singing the new friendships, the anecdotal events of that journey. And before us was hope, success, glory, which, so to say, we were already drinking in on credit.

Here at last was Bakhchisarai, a warm spring morning, flowers, the bright costumes of the Tartars, their picturesque head-dress, the sun. And here was white Sevastopol also. There are few cities in the world more beautiful than Sevastopol. White sand, white houses, chalky mountains, blue sky, blue foaming sea, white clouds, and a blinding sun. But after a few hours the sky was covered with dark clouds, the sea blackened, the wind rose, there was a rain with snow in it, and the never-ending sound of a threatening siren. It was winter again, and in such weather poor Anton Pavlovich was supposed to make a sea journey from Yalta to see us. We waited for him in vain; we looked for him on the arriving steamer in vain. Chekhov had not come, but there was a telegram from him. He had had another

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attack, and was not sure that he could come to Sevastopol. The summer theatre in which we were to play stood gloomily on the shore of the sea. The boards had not been taken off all winter, and when the doors were opened in our presence and we entered, it seemed to us that we had suddenly been transplanted to the North Pole, such was the coldness and dampness that greeted us.

We were dressed for spring, and we were all freezing. But Easter arrived, and with it, unexpectedly, arrived Chekhov. He came to the morning meetings of the theatre in the city gardens. Once, having heard that we were looking for a doctor to attend our sick artist Artem, whom Chekhov loved very much, Anton Pavlovich cried out in a hurt voice: "Listen, I am the doctor of this theatre."

He was very proud of his medical calling, much more than of his talents as a writer. "My real profession is medicine, but I sometimes write in my spare time," he would say very seriously. A moment later he would begin to laugh, almost rolling with merriment. He attended his beloved Artem, for whom he later specially wrote the part of Chebutikin in *The Three Sisters* and Firs in *The Cherry Orchard*. He prescribed valerian drops for Artem, the same prescription jestingly made by his Doctor Dorn in *The Seagull*.

The night of the first performance arrived. We showed Chekhov his *Uncle Vanya*. The performance was unusually successful. The author was called before the curtain again and again. This time Chekhov was satisfied with the performance. It was the first public performance in which he had seen us. In the intermissions he would come into my dressing-room and praise me, and at the end he made only one remark about the scene where Astrov goes away.

"He whistles. Listen, he whistles. Uncle Vanya is crying, but Astrov whistles." Again, I could get no more out of him. But knowing there was always a deep meaning beneath his laconic remarks, I broke my head in thought over the new rebus he had placed before me. "How is that?" I said to myself. "Sadness, hopelessness, and merry whistling?"

But his remark came to life of itself during one of the later performances. Believing in what Chekhov said, I whistled.

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What was going to happen? I felt at once that the whistle was truthful, that Astrov must whistle. He has lost his faith in men and life to such an extent that he has become a cynic. Men cannot hurt or insult him in any way. But luckily for Astrov, he loves nature and serves it in spirit, without thought of reward; in planting forests he believes that he feeds the rivers, which, without him and those like him, would run dry.

At the time of our visit to the Crimea, Anton Pavlovich was most enthusiastic about Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives*. He saw it for the first time and liked it more than any of his own plays. "He is a real dramatist. I am not a dramatist. Listen, I am a doctor."

From Sevastopol we went to Yalta, where we were awaited by the whole literary world of Russia, which seemed to have come to the Crimea especially for the purpose of seeing us. Bunin, Kuprin, Mamin-Sibiriak, Chirikov, Stanyukevich, Yelpatyevsky, and the new sensation, Maxim Gorky,—who lived in the Crimea because of weak lungs,—were all there. Besides the writers there were many actors and musicians, among them the young and much promising Rachmaninov, who admired Chekhov insanely as a writer and a personality.

It was here that we first met Gorky, whom we tried to persuade to write plays for us. One night, sitting on the terrace and listening to the sound of the Crimean waters, he told me in the darkness of his dreams about a new play which he later called *The Lower Depths*.

Daily, at a certain hour, all the actors and writers met at the summer dwelling of Chekhov, where lunch would be served. The hostess was the only sister of Anton Pavlovich; our common friend, Maria Pavlovna. The head of the table was occupied by Chekhov's mother, a lovely old lady, liked by everybody. After listening to the stories of the success of Chekhov's plays, she wished to go to the theatre, despite her great age. On the day of her visit to the theatre, having arrived at their house before lunch, I found Anton Pavlovich in great excitement. His mother had taken out an ancient silk dress and wished to wear it in honor of the occasion. Anton Pavlovich was in terror. "Mother in her silk dress wants to see the play of her Antosha! Listen, that must not happen!"

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And right on the spot, after his heated exclamations, he burst into happy, enchanting laughter at the comical picture of his mother in her silk dress applauding a son who had written a play and come to the theatre to bow to the public. "And for this the theatre pays me—so much!" And laughingly he took three kopeks from his pocket.

Our sojourn in the Crimea came to an end, and by way of reward, Chekhov and Gorky both promised to write a play for us.

The Last Year With Chekhov

In the autumn of 1900 Anton Pavlovich came to Moscow in very poor health. Nevertheless, he was present at almost all the rehearsals of his new play, the name of which he could not yet decide on. One evening he telephoned me to come to him on business. He was sick, and could not leave the house. To visit Anton Pavlovich was a rare happiness. I dropped all my affairs and rushed to see him. He was in high spirits, notwithstanding his illness. Apparently he did not wish to speak immediately of the business on hand, but to leave it for the very end, just as a child leaves sweets for the very end of a meal. Meanwhile we all sat at the tea table and laughed, because it was impossible not to laugh in Chekhov's presence.

Tea finished, Anton Pavlovich led me to his study, closed the door, sat down in his traditional corner of the divan, and made me sit before him. But even then he did not begin with the business on hand, still keeping it for dessert. Finally he came out with it: "Listen, I have found a wonderful name for the play. A wonderful name!"

"What is it?" I was all excitement.

"*Vishneviy Sad* (*The Cherry Orchard*),"—and he rocked with happy laughter.

I confess I did not thoroughly understand the reason for his joy, for I found nothing unusual in the name. But I tried to look as though his discovery had made an impression on me, at the same time trying to find out why the title held such a fascination for him. But here I stumbled on one of the strange traits in Chekhov. He could not formulate an explanation of what he had created. He could only explain the beauty of the name by repeating it in various ways, with various intonations

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and colors in his voice: "*Vìshneviy Sad.* Listen, it is a wonderful name! *Vìshneviy Sad. Vìshneviy.* . . ."

He was obviously speaking of something beautiful, tenderly loved, and this inner meaning of the title was reflected not in the words themselves but in the intonation of Anton Pavlovich. Carefully I gave him a hint of this. My words saddened him, the gladness and triumph left his face, and our conversation lost life.

Several days, perhaps a week, passed after this meeting. Anton Pavlovich felt better and began to go out. Once, during a performance, he came into my dressing-room, and sat down at my side near the makeup table. "Listen, not *Vìshneviy*, but *Vishnèviy Sad*," he said with a triumphant smile.

Chekhov lovingly repeated the word, stressing the tender sound of *è* in it, as though he was trying to caress with its help the former beautiful life which was no longer necessary, which he himself lovingly and with tears was destroying in his play. This time I understood the great and yet subtle difference. *Vìshneviy Sad*, is a commercial orchard which brings in profits. Such an orchard is necessary even at the present time to life. But *Vishnèviy Sad* brings no profits. It hides in itself and in all its flowering whiteness the great poetry of the dying life of aristocracy. The *Vishnèviy Sad* grows for the sake of beauty, for the eyes of spoiled æsthetes. It is a pity to destroy it, but it is necessary to do so, for the economics of life demand it.

All his critical comments, which had to be dragged out of Anton Pavlovich by main force, were in the nature of enigmas. He did not like to make them, and he would always hide from the eyes of the stage directors who haunted him.

"I wrote it," he would answer to our questions, "I am not a stage director, I am a doctor," and he would hurry away to some dark corner.

Comparing the manner in which Chekhov conducted himself at rehearsals with the manner of other authors, I cannot help but wonder at the extraordinary modesty of the great men and the boundless vanity of the little writers. One of them for instance, when I suggested that a long-winded and false-sounding monologue in his play be shortened, said with complete assurance and with the anger of the insulted in his voice: "Make

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the cuts, but do not forget that you will be held responsible by history."

But when we dared to suggest to Anton Pavlovich that a whole scene be shortened, at the end of the second act of *The Cherry Orchard*, he became very sad and so pale that we were frightened at the pain we had caused him. But after thinking for several minutes, he controlled himself and said: "Shorten it."

Never after did he say a single word to us about this incident. And who knows, perhaps he would have been justified in reproaching us, because it may very well be that it was the will of the stage director and not his own that shortened a scene excellently written. After the young people left Varya with a great deal of noise, Sharlotta came on the stage with a rifle, and lay down in the hay singing some popular German song. Hardly able to move his feet, Firs entered, lighting matches, looking in the grass for the fan dropped by his mistress. The two lonely people have nothing to speak about, but they want to speak, for a human being must speak to someone. Sharlotta begins to tell Firs of the days when she belonged to a circus and performed the salto mortale,—the very words which, in our version, she says in the beginning of the act when on the stage with Yepikhodov, Yasha, and the maid. In answer to her story Firs talks at length and at random about a vague incident of his youth, when somebody was taken somewhere in a wagon accompanied by sounds of squeaking and crying, and Firs interprets these sounds with the words *cling-clang*. Sharlotta understands nothing in his story, but catches up his cue so that the one common moment in the lives of these two lonely people may not be disturbed. They cry "*cling-clang*" to each other and both laugh very sincerely. This was the way Chekhov ended the act.

After the stormy scene with the young people such a lyric ending lowered the atmospheric pressure of the act and we could not lift it again. I suppose that it was mainly our own fault, but it was the author who paid for our inability. What would a newly baked celebrity have done in the place of Chekhov?

End of Part Two. The third part contains an account of Stanislavsky's relations with Rubinstein and Leo Tolstoi.

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"PLEASE KICK ME!"

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

FIRST of a series of FORUM *essays by writers who believe that Americans have recently adopted the inferiority complex as a fad. We welcome abuse from abroad and fawn upon European visitors who berate us. We applaud native authors who assert the superior culture of Europe in literature, music, and art. In his indictment Mr. Watts includes several eminent contributors to* THE FORUM *among those who have hung a sign around Uncle Sam's neck labelled "Please Kick Me!"*

IT IS all too evident from what one hears from abroad and at home that the only symbol of the United States that is fully approved by our super-critics in Europe is that which represents Uncle Sam looking unhappy and dejected at his inability to make out a good case for himself and loaded down, like a sandwich man, with an enormous sign on his front and back labelled in large letters "PLEASE KICK ME."

This motto is frankly accepted as apt by their congeners in this country who are endowed with an abounding self-abnegating humility. Led by the Anglophiles and the Europaphiles, the Turcophiles, the Asiaphiles, and those who believe, as Gertrude Stein asserts, that we must go back to the negro civilizations of Central Africa, live up to the bestiality of "Batouala," forsooth, for our ideals, or as O'Brien, out-Gaugining Gaugin, would suggest, to the early savagery of Tahiti, we are developing a group of whirling dervishes who utter and whine and drone a sort of litany of prostration and inferiority. They kowtow to the fetish of the Old World's alleged uniform cultural superiority and indulge in what can only be called a sort of penalization,—sometimes it is a Pennellization,—of our own country by accepting the sneers and misrepresentations of the other side as favorite texts from which to launch out into a destructive self-analysis of American characteristics of a most despairing nature.

That we are, indeed, an exceedingly amiable and long-suffering people who have meekly stood the slings and arrows of an ignorant and fatuous criticism aimed at our civilization,—at our Main Streets, because it is conveniently but falsely assumed that we have produced nothing but Main Streets,—is a second fact that looms large, whenever Europeans, literate and illiterate, decorate us with their abuse. Not only do we turn one cheek,

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we turn both, and we pay our critics from the wide, wide world large moneys to misrepresent and depreciate us.

Our British friends, of course, are quite in the van, as has been their wont these many decades, for nothing like this unrelieved current caricature has been seen even from them in the years gone by. The unfriendly shades of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, invoked by a gibbering medium at the call of Conan Doyle, if consulted, would doubtless express their great regret over their moderation in holding America and Americans up to ridicule. For the game is much more hectic now, and, since the war, both willingly and unwillingly, we have been subjected to an acrid analysis by a horde of as vulgar dollar-chasing visitors, alleged history specialists, literary quid-nuncs, quacks in medicine and in politics and in art and in all the sciences, especially pedagogy, as have ever crossed the ocean; who, repeating over here the same kind of criticism that is current on the other side, declare that American democracy is a failure, that the American Republic is still an unproved political, social and spiritual and cultural experiment,—and that our whole civilization is a doubtful one.

S. K. Ratcliffe, the British radical who pretends to know "his America," has even expressed his surprise at the fact that, unlike what he declares is true of Great Britain, where even the radicals "love" their country, so he says, we have in America a group of people talking and writing about America,—he apparently met them at first hand among the pacifistic and despairing parasitic Americans with whom he is fond of dealing, the Americans of his own snivelling kidney in matters of war and peace, —who write, he says, as if they really "hated" America, "hated" their own country! The lineaments of this parasitic gentry are quite visible in the *Our America* of Waldo Frank and in the *Soldiers Three* of Dos Passos, in Ravage's lucubrations as to our lack of soul, and in Ludwig Lewissohn's autobiography, but we are quite used to them now, and know how insignificant they are, even if Ratcliffe takes them a little too seriously.

But one wonders, indeed, familiar as he says he is with the Anti-National British types, what Ratcliffe would do with Zangwill, who is ready to indict England with shrill invective on an issue where even his own ilk believe they can differ honorably,

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and then, in turn, shows himself more than ready to rend America. Taking the cue from our own fault-finders, Zangwill putting on the motley of the literary clown beats the drum of a grotesque misrepresentation of America and excuses his philosophic Billingsgate by claiming for himself the privileged frankness of the Court Fool who "tells the truth in the face" of those who entertain him. Revealing the most pathetic inability to state anything about America correctly, the significance of his outburst lies not in its incredible coarseness or ill-mannered vulgarity as in the meekness with which it was listened to, since at one sitting the only auditor who had the courage to proclaim that he had "had enough" of such stuff was, of course, apologized for as one who had committed a great breach of decorum. One is almost tempted in the face of this to repeat the casual slang of the daily comic and say "Can you beat it?" And really can you?

It is curious that many of our own super-critics who seem to have decided to throw up their hands and to admit what Senator Hiram Johnson has noticed as a certain "complex of inferiority in the presence of Europe," are women, and women accustomed to think for themselves. Even Agnes Repplier, ordinarily viewing her own country with a sane and a pleasant and wholehearted appreciation of what it really stands for, recently, in the "Yale Review" finds smugness and self-satisfaction and a suggested selfishness in any defensible desire of our statesmen to have America protect its own civilization and secure for us a recognition of our undoubted rights, while she goes into an ecstatic approval of the determination of the French to preserve their own civilization and live their own life in their own way. What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander, if the gander is American. And, while Miss Repplier may not welcome them as coadjutors, Isadora Duncan and Claire Sheridan repeat the Repplier patter as if they had invented it themselves. And then Katharine Fullerton Gerould is so despairing of America that, at a time when everybody in parlor, gutter, and ghetto is saying every thing radical that comes into their heads, including the children, who are taught to be revolutionary "expressionists" at the age of six, she sees in America of today nothing but a country that has lost all its liberties of opinion. Despite the fact that every day in every way, as well as on high days and

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holidays, our street crowds are gay and emotional even to affectionate and amorous boisterousness, she sees no "smiles" in America and effects to believe that we have either reached the stage of the much misrepresented gloom of the Puritans or the stoicism of the Indian, and, consequently both in the matter of personal and political liberty and of social happiness, have to yield to other more happy countries and to other more contented peoples. That she finds freedom and happiness in ultramontane Quebec, where they still think of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes as the greatest blessing in all history, is typical of the kind of solemn and ponderous and hysterical flapdoodle that is being poured out on us by some of our own self-flagellants.

So they are all at it, Blanche, Tray and Sweetheart,—and D. H. Lawrence, beloved of all those who despise their America! He rallies about him that type of the Rhodes scholar among us who seemingly cannot rejoice too often when he feels the boot-toe of the Briton on his American anatomy. This high priest of sexual hocus-pocus, meandering at first in our Southwestern wilds with his unblushing reputation thick upon him, told us in free verse that our unparalleled charity and consideration for the distressed peoples of Europe was a "stench," and he particularized the nature of the stench in a most unflattering manner. Then Lawrence, also, ascending the tripod, predicated that this "great welter of whites is not yet a nation; is not yet a people" and following the hint of a fellow Pythian, Mary Austin, the Amerindian propagandist, relegated us to the early savagery of this continent for our real inspiration, as if we were indigenes indifferent to our past, by acclaiming the Indians, "Poor Lo," the only civilized people here. Then flattered by the approval of literary sycophants and their coadjutors among the publishers in the East, those who are avid of anything that is anti-American, he finally, in a pretense of studying American literature, uttered his coarse, barbaric yawp and, naturally, since he came to shock and remained to prey, concluded that "the greatest of all sins is to be an American."

This is the kind of "smart-Aleck" judgment that so many of us seem to revel in and grovel before. Lawrence is only one among many given over to this kind of offense. That he has been fêted and fussed over is only an indication of that lack of

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dignity revealed recently, which led our "hands-across-the-sea" group, to rally around Sir John Fortescue after he had wilfully and maliciously accused the United States of unfair dealings in boundary issues where the shoe was on the other foot. And we not only accepted him but also his wife, the *couturière*, of whom he said naively that she took in dressmaking because the position of a Royal Librarian did not yield a living income! And not even the official rebuke of Secretary Weeks to Fortescue changed the attitude of those who think that fawning on foreigners brings about world understandings. The frenzied hysteria that humiliated American surgery and medicine and therapeutics by putting Dr. Lorenz and the country druggist Coue on pedestals is but another symptom of this kick-me state of mind. In the case of Coue, our incorrigible humor, which is not without healing in its wings, by turning him into a joke, somewhat saved the day and brought a return to a fair judgment on him and his claims. But then, again, forgetting that astronomy, as a great scientist has remarked, is practically "an American science," and overlooking the great records of Young, the astrophysicist, of Newcomb, of Langley and of Hale, the latter still brilliantly at work, we reduce American astronomers to mere automatons, as it were, engaged, so it is continually said in the public prints, in nothing else but "confirming" a recently much advertised hypothesis, still unproved, and we rush to the movies to see an Einstein upset Newton!

It is this same hysteria that lets us flatter Richard Strauss in person and smile when he brutally tells us that our place in civilization is to be nothing else but hewers of wood and drawers of water; and it is this same kick-me attitude and lack of all knowledge of what the American stage means that left it to that frank veteran of the stage, William A. Brady, and that mellow playwright, Augustus Thomas, to expose what they called very frankly the sickening "bunk" that surrounded Stanislavsky and the Russian players. Stanislavsky was befuddled by the stupid flattery for a very simple accomplishment worthy, of course, of a discriminating appreciation, into believing that he had actually brought America a "spiritual" message and given it "a soul" in a few weeks! This belief, we are assured by Claire Sheridan, all the Bolshevik circles in Berlin and Moscow now accept as

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axiomatic, while Stanislavsky himself was so carried away by fulsome attentions as to talk of American life and of the American cuisine as if we, most of us, lived in Uganda and had a doubtful palate for coarse foods that had reached the limits of olfactory and sanitary endurance.

All this grovelling on our part led Cecile Sorel to take very much the position of Strauss. These criticisms of the ultimate refinements of our life by visitors from backward and illiterate peasant countries, such as Madame Take Janescu, from Roumania, who was "amazed" to find Americans living in delightful surroundings and not in dug-outs, supported in her condescension by the Princess Bibesco, and, of course, Mrs. Asquith, reach a level of audacity which is almost breath-taking. It seems that at every festival of our real achievements we must drag around a sort of penitential death-head or accept it ready-made in advance from foreign critics.

Some of the vagaries of our self-depreciation are most curious. Taking her cue from the Nevinsons, who believe we are going to the dogs, and that we have set up our plumbers for our Raphaels and only know a bathroom civilization,—which others see justified in *Babbitt*—Mrs. Pennell sneers at our art galleries, which she calls "sham classic temples," and is sure we can do nothing in the way of taste in literature because we spell honor without the "u," apparently being unaware of the unanswerable philological defense for American spellings, or that the late Professor Lounsbury of Yale long ago proved that "Americanisms" in words or in phrases were not "vulgarisms" by a long shot but belonged to an elder and often nobler English usage associated with the greatest of authors and the greater traditions. But, Lounsbury being dead, William Lyon Phelps, also indifferent to what the philologists of his own institution, such as Whitney, proved years ago, is ashamed of American orthography and grovels in "glamour" and honour," "kerb" instead of "curb," and admits that twenty years ago usage was otherwise over here largely because we really knew something about English ourselves and then had a little more backbone.

Of course all these things that undermine our own standards delight our self-flagellants, since they are not willing to admit the truth of the dictum of Lord Acton that while the character

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of individuals is judged by the worst in them, the character of civilizations is judged by the best that they achieve. They quibble over our achievements, though they ought to know and give testimony to the fact, that America is a very human aggregate of sensitive human beings whose cultivated groups the country over run up to millions in number and are better than Europe at its best. Lloyd George has sensed in part this one of the numerous American miracles: Extensive and an intensive education and the larger cultures and refinements and recreations and enjoyments and humanitarian influences, and art and music,—yes, art and music despite Meiklejohn's recent ignorant and ill-informed references to these subjects,—art and music, above all, penetrating classes in this country that would never know anything about them in Europe and never, over there, become subject to these far-reaching cultural influences.

It is true that this present abnegation of ours as to music and art is the kind of thing that was expected of us years ago in the matter of architecture, but today our own despairers and Beaux Arts *routinieres* are a little afraid of our architecture, since its splendid irradiating actuality is so overwhelmingly fine that they dare not misrepresent it. Only a few of them, mostly exiled parasites, still think they can use the contemptuous European phraseology of fifty years ago in referring to American architecture. And yet there is hope since, despite the throwing up of hands of Mrs. Daniel Gregory Mason, who tells us she was "humiliated" when a foreigner told her we "had made music fashionable in America but had not made America musical," it really looks as if the art and music confessions of inferiority were about at their end. For one thing Lawrence Gilman is beginning to let a few cats out of the bag as to the downright musical shortcomings of western Europe, Rome, Paris, and London, not excepted. And most recognize, tourists included that it is grotesquely untrue that all Europe presents a uniform perfectitude, from the lowest levels of the peasantry, living with their animals and like unto them, up to the highest classes, in all these matters of art of music and of literature. And those who predicate a deep culture for the smallest Russian or Hindoo or Balkan village, let us say, are these days laughed out of court by those who know.

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Yet there is another side and we have some compensatory offsets to our own confessed penitents and foreign detractors. Blasco Ibanez, inspiringly appreciative of an America whose culture and artistic achievements he celebrates, exhibits a pleasanter side of the shield, and those keen-sighted Frenchmen, also recent visitors, Raymond Recouly, Marcel Donnay, and Andre Chevrillon, who have found beauty, traditions, and background and nobility and distinction in American life, even delicious food, yield a little balm, although what they say is not the kind of thing that Latin, or Teutonic or Slavic, or Anglo-Saxon Europe wants to believe is the real truth about "the country of the dollar."

We could endure this European disparagement, with the occasional illuminating appreciation of visitors who stay long enough to find out the facts, were it not that the real truth about ourselves, and a dazzling truth it is, is continually obscured by those among us claiming to be Americans who set up this "Please Kick Me" manner of talking. One of the last and latest straws in the "Please Kick Me" idea is the assertion that we owe all our color in life and love of art to the recent Levantine immigration of the last thirty years, a suggestion that will hardly be received sympathetically by hard-worked school teachers or Park Commissioners struggling with those aliens whose love of color and beauty is largely confined to desecrating the beautiful things developed by old-time Americans.

The truth is that there is more real taste and appreciation of beauty and of the finer things of life back of the American dollar, and, what is more, a realization of them, than there is back of any equivalent money unit in Europe or anywhere else in the world. And is it not about time that we laid forever in the thick dust of a permanent interment that humbug idea that we are from bottom to top culturally inferior to Europe and that over there all human beings in all classes live nothing but beautiful, sublime, spiritual, and soulful lives, wholly given over to art and artistry? If it be treason to deny that this is so, why then make the most of it!

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BEAUTY IN CHINA

PEARL BUCK

Drawings by C. LeRoy Baldridge

IT IS only an American, born and reared in an alien country, who can appreciate fully the amazing beauty of the American woods in autumn. Inexplicably, no one had prepared me for it. I had lived all my days in a calm Chinese landscape, lovely in its way with delicate, swaying bamboos, curved temple roofs mirrored in lotus pools. It was gently colorful, too, in blues and greens, with a semi-tropic effulgence of sunshine, and a piercing starriness of night. But when summer was gone, and chrysanthemums had glowed and faded, the colors were put away for the most part, until the next spring. The trees dropped their leaves softly, turning the while to a quiet, neutral brown, without any great ado about it, and almost overnight we were in decent and sober winter garb. The earth took on a dull monotony of hue, which the little thatched farmhouses of adobe did not relieve. Even the people retired into enormous padded garments of dark blue and black. Thus, when after a loitering journey eastward, I stepped into sweet English country, I was entranced with its mauve and tawny shades of late summer. Could its hedgerows be lovelier, even in primrose time! There was a

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dreamy stillness about it which lifted cares away and left one quite content with quiet, well-tilled fields and ancient gray stone cottages, with their slow smoke drifting imperceptibly upwards in the motionless air. An exquisite rest lay over the earth in England, as of one lying down to well-earned sleep.

In such a mood as this I crossed the Atlantic, and was thrown straight into New York. Who except one accustomed to the leisurely traffic of trams and rikshaws and wheelbarrows can realize the astounding activity of New York! Where one dodged one vehicle, a thousand sprang up to take its place, and crossing the street was a wild adventure, compared to which bandits in China are a mild affair. There was the bewildering clatter of elevated railways to dizzy one's mind, and subterranean roars from the bowels of the universe, apparently. I was fascinated with the yawning earth, which swallowed up people by the hundreds in one spot, only to vomit them up, restless as ever, miles away. Personally, I could not commit myself to the subway, and clinging to a trolley strap, thought regretfully at times of jogging peacefully along on a wheelbarrow, watching the lazy ducks swimming in the ponds by the roadside and stooping to pluck a wild flower for babies tumbling brown and naked in the dust.

But if New York shook me out of my quiescent dreaming, even New York did not prepare me for the shock of the American woods.

A week later I found myself walking through a wood in Virginia. How can I put the excitement of it into words! No one had told me how paganly gorgeous it would be. Oh, of course they had said, "the leaves turn in the fall, you know," but how does that prepare one? I had thought of pale yellows and tans and faint rose reds. Instead, I found myself in a living blaze of color,—robust, violent, vivid beyond belief. I shall never forget one tall tree trunk wrapped about with a vine of flaming scarlet, standing outlined, a fiery sentinel, against a dark rocky cliff.

There was a maple walk which might have been the pathway to the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Wandering anywhere, above one's head were interlaced boughs, bursting with orange and red, crimson and seal brown, and yellow of purest quality. One walked on a carpet of hues which an emperor's

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wealth could not buy in a Peking rug. Even the quite tiny things, small vines and plantlets that must have been meek little things in summer, expressed themselves in the most outrageous and unrestrained colors.

Well! There can be nothing like it on this earth. Do the Americans realize it every year, I wonder? I shall not soon be astounded at anything now, I believe. Not at Aurora Borealis, which I have yet to see confirmed, nor at Vesuvius, and I have my doubts even about that day when the skies shall roll away to the tune of Gabriel's trump. I don't believe there can come to a human being a more intoxicating revelation of beauty than that which fell upon me, straight from quiet, sombre things, when I walked for the first time in my life in American woods in autumn.

II

Thus it was that I fell to thinking again about beauty. It has long been my pleasure to note particularly bits of loveliness about the world, and to see how differently the peoples of the earth have expressed themselves in ways of unconscious beauty. I do not mean by that the great sights which tourists run to see. Seldom are the people of a country really to be found there.

I found France not in the Louvre, but in an old woman in a blue gown and white kerchief, kneeling to beat clothes beside a tinkling stream. Such a patient, enduring, loyal figure, I thought; suddenly she lifted her head and bewitched me with the eternal spirit of humor and coquetry in laughing, restless eyes, forever young and vivid with life in a wrinkled old face.

The Swiss is not truly expressed in the majestic pageant of the Alps, white and remote against blue skies. I found him, painstaking and slow, in his frugal plot of ground, carefully nailing his pear tree against the wall and counting the clusters of grapes on a vine trained to run as little to leaves as possible. Everything about him was neat and compact, and in its way, pretty. I doubt he looked twice a year at the Jungfrau, towering eternal above his minute possessions.

Strange how I never thus think of the peoples of the earth without my thoughts leaving me and twisting about the world until they come to my adopted country, China!

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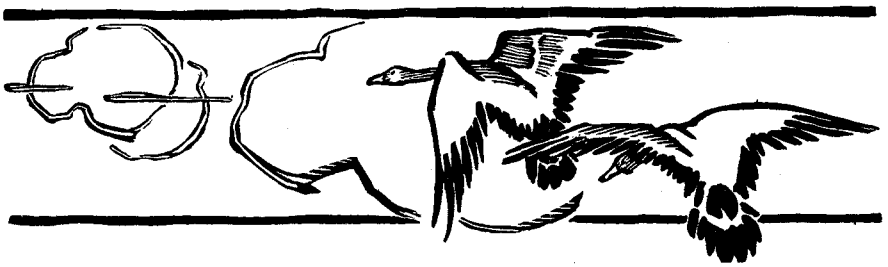

How many folk have greeted me as they stepped from the first brief train journey from Shanghai, "Ah, China is not beautiful like Japan, is it!"

I smile, and bide my time. For I know the beauty of China.

Japan is exquisite. Not only in the lovely porcelains; the brilliant, graceful kimonos; the pattering, charming children. These are for every man to see. Not only in the tiny terraced fields climbing up the hillsides, the clean, fragile buildings, the microscopic fairyland of life as it appears to the casual eye.

The great beauty of Japan is in the spots that you and I, if we be mere passersby, never really glimpse.

It is the beauty which moves the veriest coolie, after a day of crushing labor, to throw aside his carrying pole, and after a bit of fish and rice, to dig and plant in his garden the size of a pocket handkerchief. There he works, absorbed, delighted; his whole being resting in the joy of creating beauty for himself and his family, who cluster about him to admire. No one is without a garden. If fate has denied a poor man a foot of ground, he buys a big plot for a penny and slowly, after hours of labor pleasant and painstaking, he constructs a miniature park, with a rockery, a wee summerhouse, a pool, with bits of moss for lawns and grass heads for trees and toy ferns tucked into crevices for shrubbery.

It is the quality of beauty, too, which moves a Japanese host to place in his guestroom each day for the delight of his guest one single exquisite note. From his precious store he selects today a watercolor, in black and white, of a bird clinging to a reed, painted with charming reserve. Tomorrow it will be a dull blue vase with one spray of snowy pear bloom arranged in such a way as to be a living invitation to meditation. Sometimes it is a piece of old tapestry, with a quaint procession of lantern bearers marching across its faded length.

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I hear a deal of talk about Japan these days. There are those who begrudge them the possession of even quite ordinary human qualities. As for me, after hearing such tales, I reserve judgment until someone can reconcile these two qualities for me: utter depravity and the gentle love of all beauty which is to be found almost universally in rich and poor alike in Japan. Where there is such a willingness to spend oneself for beauty, often without any thought of money value, must not a little truth be hid? If it be true at all that beauty is truth?

Now the dainty loveliness which is so apparent in Japan is certainly not to be seen spread about in China. I really cannot blame those friends of mine who at first glance proclaim her ugliness. Doubtless it has been the economic urge which has driven the poor to think first and last and always of their stomachs and the wherewithal to fill them completely. Certainly there is an appalling lack of beauty in the lives of the ordinary folk.

Said I to my coolie gardener one day as he was digging and delving upon my perennial flower border: "Now, wouldn't you like some of these flower seed to plant in the plot in front of your house?"

He eyed me distrustfully and hoed vigorously. "Poor people have no use for flowers," he answered briefly. "These things are for the rich to play with."

"Yes, but it won't cost you anything," I persisted. "See, I will give you several kinds, and if the land is poor, you may take fertilizer from the compost heap, and I will give you the time to take care of them for the good of your soul."

He shook his head. He is a conservative creature. None of his ancestors had planted flowers for pleasure and he couldn't imagine himself at it. Besides, what would he do with the flowers when he had them?

He stooped to throw out a stone. "I'll plant cabbage," he said briefly.

The poorer Chinese does without doubt place a financial value on all his possessions. In one interior spot where I had lived for a time, I asked a farmer's wife how they spent or saved the money surplus of a good year's crops.

She smiled at the recollection. "We eat more!" she exclaimed, ecstatically.

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In lieu of a trustworthy savings bank, they deposited their bit of reserve fund in the safest place possible in a land of banditry and transformed it into extra flesh. At least no one could rob them of that! And heaven knows their bones were the better for it.

In wandering through Chinese cities one is struck with their ugliness,—the lack of sanitation, the congestion, the foul streets, the filthy and diseased beggars showing their vile stock-in-trade and whining parasitically, the mangy dogs skulking about. A glance into the small shops and homes depresses one with the strictly utiltarian aspect of life. Bare tables, stools apparently designed for discomfort, boxes, beds, and rubbish, the primitive cooking apparatus,—all are crowded into an unbelievably small space, and the result is one of utter lack of repose or of any attempt after spiritual values to be expressed in beauty.

The other day I stood on a mountain top in Kiangsi. I looked over a hundred miles of lovely Chinese country. Streams glittered in the sunshine; the Yangtse wound its leisurely way along, a huge yellow roadway to the sea; clusters of trees cuddled cosily about little thatched villages; the rice fields were clear jade green and laid as neatly as patterns in a puzzle. It seemed a scene of peace and beauty.

Yet I knew my country well enough to know that if I could have dropped into the midst of that fair land I should have found the streams polluted, the river's edge crowded with little wretched, mat-covered boats, the only homes of millions of miserable, underfed waterfolk. The villages under the trees would be crowded and filthy with flies and garbage rotting in the sun, and the ubiquitous yellow curs would have snarled at my coming. There, with all that sweet air free for all, the homes would be small and windowless and as dark within as caverns. The children would be dirty and unkempt, and their noses would be unspeakable, for they always are! Not a flower anywhere, not a single spot of beauty made by man to relieve the dreariness of life. Even the bits of ground in front of the cottages would be beaten into threshing floors, hard and glaring in the sunlight. Poverty? Partly, of course, but often laziness and ignorance, too.

Where then, is the beauty of China? Not on the surface of things, anyway. But I bide my time. For it is here.

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Some of the rarest bits of beauty in the world I have found in this old country, so reserved, so indolent for centuries, so careless of what the world thinks of her.

For China does not express herself in show places. Even in Peking, that bourne of all tourists to the Far East, the things that one sees are not show places. The Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven, the Llama Temple,—these and a host of the others were built up slowly out of the life of the people, for the people themselves, with no thought originally of tourist eyes and dollars. Indeed, for decades, no amount of money could purchase a glimpse of them.

The Chinese have naturally little idea of exhibition and advertising. Go into any one of the great silk shops in Hangchow and you will find a decorous, dark, quiet interior, with shelves and shelves of neat packages folded away, each with its price tag symmetrically arranged. There are no pedestals with gorgeous satins folded cunningly to catch the light and entice the buyer. Nothing, indeed, to tempt the unwilling to spend his money. But a clerk comes forward, and when you have made known your wishes, he selects carelessly half a dozen packages from the shelves and tears off the paper wrappers. Suddenly before your eyes bursts the splendor of stuffs whereof kings' robes are made. Brocaded satins and velvets, silks of marvellous brilliance and delicacy of shades are massed before you in a bewildering confusion. It is like a crowd of magnificently hued butterflies released from dull cocoons. You make your choice and the glory is all shut away again into the dark.

That is China.

III

Her beauties are those of old things, old places carefully fashioned with the loftiest thought and artistic endeavor of generations of aristocrats, and now like their owners, falling gently into decay.

Behind this high wall, which looms so gray and forbidding upon the street, one may step, if one has the proper key, into a gracious courtyard, paved with great square old tiles, worn away by the feet of a hundred centuries. There is a gnarled pine tree, a pool of goldfish, a carven stone seat whereon is

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seated a white-haired grandfather, dignified and calm as an old Buddha in his gown of cream-colored silk. In his pale, withered hand he holds a long pipe of polished black wood, tipped with silver. If you are his friend, he will rise with deep bows and escort you with a most perfect courtesy into the guest hall. There in a high chair of carved teak you may sip his famous tea and marvel at the old paintings hung in silken scrolls upon the walls, and meditate upon the handwrought beams of the ceiling, thirty feet above. Beauty, beauty everywhere, stately and reserved with age.

I mind me of a great dark guest hall in a temple, which faces out upon a tiny sunny courtyard, where a peony terrace is built up of faded gray brick. Here every spring the great pink shoots push up, and when I go there in May, the sunlight is pouring down upon the deeply tinted peonies, glowing in reds and dusky pinks, and in the center creamy ones with golden hearts. The terrace is cleverly placed so that the guests must needs look upon it from the dimness of the interior. What words could be spoken, what thought shaped in such a place, save those of purest beauty!

There are old paintings, old embroideries, potteries and porcelains and brasses, hidden away preciously by families who owned them before America was thought of; indeed, perhaps they are of an age with Pharaoh's treasures,—who knows?

It is one of the sad things of the present change in China that either poverty or careless, ignorant youth is learning the money value of things which are really too valuable for any sale; things which because of their sheer beauty are too great to belong to any individual and which should be reverently possessed by the nation. But their time of understanding is not yet.

Indeed, not the least of the crimes committed against China by foreign countries has been the despoiling by eager curio seekers and globe trotters and business firms of her stores of beauty. It has really been the robbing of the ignorant, for she has not known that what she thought to sell for thirty pieces of silver could not truly be sold at all.

Moreover, one shudders at the crude stage through which so many of the modern young Chinese seem to be passing. It is inevitable, of course, that in their distrust and repudiation of the past, they should apparently cast off the matchless art of

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old China and should rush out to buy and hang upon their walls many of the cheap vulgarities of the West. Indeed, to those of us who see the passing of much that was characteristic of the country we have loved it has become a poignant question; who is to preserve the ancient beauties of China? For instance, with all the degradation that has unquestionably followed in the wake of idolatry, must we, along with all the discard, lose the exquisite curves of temple architecture?

Yet I am at times comforted. There must come out of all those beauty-loving ancestors a few to whom the pursuit of beauty is a master passion, and who will pass it on to calmer times.

I went the other day to the studio of a famous modern Chinese artist. My heart sank lower and lower as I passed the copies of posters, of old-fashioned Gibson girls, of lurid suns setting into the vilely colored ocean,—dozens of perpetrations in oils. But away in one corner I found a little watercolor. It was only of a village street, misty blue in the sudden rain of a summer evening. Slanting lines of pale silver fell across it. Dim candle-light shone out of the windows of snug homes, and a lonely man's figure under a paper umbrella walked along, casting a wavering shadow over the glinting wet stones.

I turned to the artist and said, "This is the best of all."

His face lighted.

"Do you think so? I, too. It is a picture of my village street as I have seen it many times. But," regretfully, "I painted it for pleasure. It will not sell."

If I really have a fault to find with the beauty of China, however, it is that it is too secluded, too reserved. It does not permeate enough to the uttermost parts of the people to whom it belongs. It has been kept too much in isolated family or religious groups. The knowledge of the value of beauty has been withheld from many who have suffered from the lack. The poorer and more ignorant classes have been allowed for centuries to grow up and to die in utter indifference to all the subtle and necessary influences which flow from the essentially beautiful. The opportunity to pursue beauty has been too much the prerogative of the wealthy and leisured. Consequently the poor man thinks of it only as one of the pastimes of the rich and hence impossible for him.

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Springfield, Missouri

What the average Chinese needs is an eye educated to see the beauty which lies waiting to be freed about him everywhere. When once he grasps the significance of beauty and realizes that it does not lie at all in the hideous lithograph for which he must pay the prohibitive price of forty cents; that it does not lie, solely, even, in the priceless possessions of the rich; but that it is in his dooryard, waiting to be released from careless filth and indolent untidiness, a new spirit will walk abroad in the land.

Anyway, I know that man cannot live by bread alone and that is what thousands of these folk have been trying to do here, submerged under unspeakably difficult economic conditions. To see the beauty in fresh air and natural loveliness, to know the joy of sunshine streaming on clear water and the graciousness of flowers,—these beauties free for all are what we need sorely.

I said this to my old Chinese teacher the other day, and he replied with a proverb which runs something like this: "When a man's barns are filled and his appetite appeased, then may he take heart to think upon the things of the spirit."

Which, I suppose, is true.

Yet I am sure the gardener had had a good supper last night when, as I sat musing under the bamboos, he was working cheerfully away on the lawn. Startled by an unaccustomed light, I glanced up and was smitten afresh with the sunset sky.

"Oh, look!" I called.

"Where—where?" he cried, seizing the hoe.

"There, at the wonderful color!"

"Oh, *that!*" he exclaimed in great disgust, stooping to the weeds again. "I thought when you called out so, that it must be a centipede crawling on you!"

To tell the truth, I don't believe that a love of beauty is based altogether on a well-fed interior. Plenty of gourmands are only gourmands still. Besides, if the proverb were true altogether, how could I explain deaf old Mrs. Wang, poorest of poor little widows, who sews hard all day to a make a bowl of rice, and yet who manages someway to have a flower the whole summer long in a broken bottle on her table and who wept with delight when I pressed upon her a little green vase?

Or the tiny tobacco shop, whose cheerful, toothless old proprietor is always coddling along a plant of some sort in an

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earthen pot? Or the farmer outside my compound who lets a mass of hollyhocks stand as they please about his house? Or the little "wild" children of the street who press their faces against my gate sometimes and beg for a posy?

No, the love of beauty waits to be born in the heart of every child, I think. Sometimes the hard exigencies of life kill it, and it is still forever. But sometimes it lives and grows strong in the silent, meditative soul of a man or a woman, who finds that it is not enough to live in a palace and to dine even with kings. Such know that after all they are eternally unsatisfied, until in some way they find beauty, where is hidden God.

WHILE VISITING ON THE SOUTH STREAM THE TAOIST PRIEST CH'ANG

By LIU CHANG-CH'ING

Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu

Walking along a little path,
I find a footprint on the moss,
A white cloud low on the quiet lake,
Grasses that sweeten an idle door,
A pine grown greener with the rain,
A brook that comes from a mountain source—
And, facing Truth among the flowers,
I have forgotten what to say.

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LABOR AND BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

NORMAN ANGELL

WHEN, as one of its first acts, the British Labor Government recognized Russia de jure and without reservation, alarmists trembled for Labor's foreign policy. Now one of Britain's ablest publicists reassures us. Labor will depart from the Liberal policy of "laisser faire" to intervene in the belief that in Europe, "my neighbor's business is my business." This intervention will be by conversations with a view to an Economic Bill of Rights for all of Europe.

WHAT will be the net effect upon British foreign policy and upon diplomatic relationship generally throughout Europe, of the arrival of a Labor Government to office, if not to power, in Britain?

A good many would say that the distinction just indicated between office and power,—the fact that, in the words of Sir Donald Maclean, Labor comes into power "in custody," of the Liberals and Conservatives,—will mean that Labor's arrival will mark no revolutionary change. That is not a sound conclusion. The method of the change will be quiet enough, but the mere formal act of taking office will mark a very considerable revolution in international relationships.

Recall, first, the extent of the change, which the fact of James Ramsay MacDonald being Prime Minister at all necessarily indicates. If one turns over the newspaper files of 1915–16–17, one finds that Ramsay MacDonald occupied something of the position occupied in America during the war by La Follette and Debs, and in France by Caillaux. The present leader of "His Majesty's Opposition" would certainly have been imprisoned as Caillaux and Debs were imprisoned, were not the English generally skeptical of the efficacy of imprisonment and penal coercion for political offenses. But the British press was as violent in its fulminations against this traitor, this defeatist, this pacifist—socialist—internationalist, this enemy of his country, as was the American press concerning La Follette. Nor was this hatred confined to Conservatives. When, after the Russian revolution, Kerensky attempted to arrange a conference with MacDonald and the British Government had even agreed to accord passports, it was British Trade Unions, organic constituents of the Labor Party, that made it impossible for MacDonald to

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attend. When the jingo editor of "John Bull" descended to methods of vituperation that in any other circumstances would have appalled the public, Bottomley lost none of his popularity. It is the latter who is now in jail, and it is the victim of that vituperation, the man who personified in the mind of the public only six years ago betrayal and anti-patriotism, who is now the prospective head of "His Majesty's Government."

It is not MacDonald who has changed. He stands precisely for the policy which he then advocated. It is his present supporters and the public generally who have abandoned the position they held violently a few years ago. And that is a good deal of a moral revolution. Most of us do not notice it, or prefer to pass it over in our minds if we do notice it, because we do not like to be reminded of some of the ideas which we happened to hold only a year or two since; or of our behavior then.

What will be the effect upon policy of the application of principles most of us then so violently opposed? In what way will the policy so directed differ from the old?

One may say briefly that where the old diplomatist in Europe sought for his nation predominant power to impose the nation's interest as the old order conceived it, the agent of the new diplomacy will seek to build up an economic code for all nations, and seek to pledge the combined power of all in support of that code. The old diplomat, seeking always to establish the preponderance of his nation, was always asking, as he asks today in the tentative alliances growing up to meet the new combination that France is building,—by *whom* he would stand, *whom* he would oppose. The new diplomat will ask by *what* shall he stand. It will mean that conflicts in the field of foreign policy will sometimes cut across national barriers. The contests will be more and more of opposing ideals and political parties, and less of states. One sees a faint beginning even across the ancient hatreds of Germany and France, a beginning which the arrival of a Labor Government in Britain will accentuate. French and German industrialists are being drawn together on the one side in the attempt to impose certain conditions of wages and hours upon the workers of Germany; on the other side, French workers, organized in Unions, will tend more and more to make common cause with the German Trade Unionists. Already we have un-

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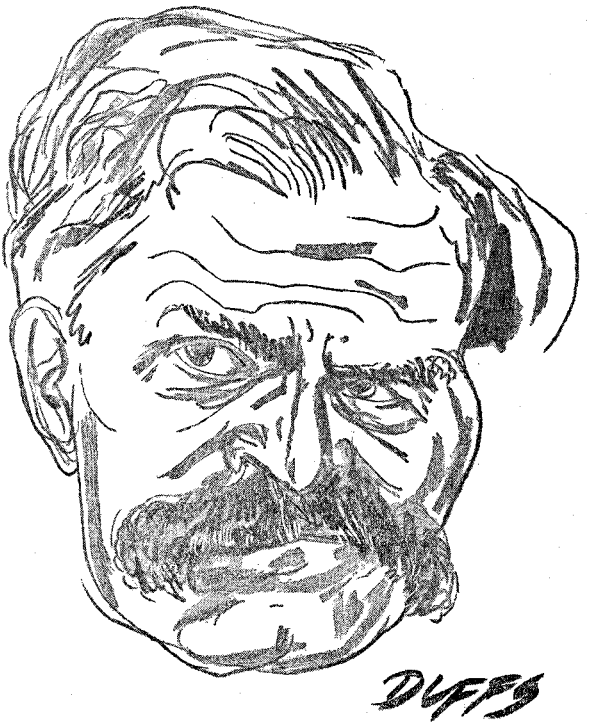

James Ramsay MacDonald

official negotiations between certain constituent parts of the Labor Party and the Bloc des Gauches of France to resist the policy of the French Government.

So far in British foreign policy, there have been broadly two schools: there were those who supported the historic Balance of Power policy, and those who advocated the old Victorian Cobden-Bright attitude of non-interference, non-intervention. Labor takes the ground that, quite apart from its ineffectiveness as a means of security, the Balance of Power is morally defective. In order to retain the support of the Allies indispensable to the Balance, we are compelled to acquiesce in policies we ought to oppose, as we did in the case of the Ottoman Empire in the nineteenth century, and as we did a year or two since in the case of France. As to Victorian non-interference, it is patently inadequate to the facts of the world in which we live. Let us be clear as to both points.

The Principle of the Balance of Power is that this country

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cannot afford to see grow up in Europe any one power or combination of powers so strong as to be able to threaten the British Empire, able to dictate just what British rights shall be in its multifarious relationships throughout the world. "If," as Mr. Lloyd George, the radical pacifist, said at a famous Mansion House speech, "a situation were to be forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated where her interests were vitally affected as if she were of no account in the Cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a country like ours to endure."

This was apropos of one of the Morocco crises: we could not allow Germany to settle it without consultation with us, one of the parties to the dispute. So we supported France,—to the end that one could settle it without consultation with Germany, one of the parties to the dispute. It is certainly true that if the neighbor with whom I am compelled to have daily relationship, daily to settle differences of vital interest, is in such a position of power that I am compelled to accept his dictation of what is fair between us, I am not free.

If, however, I attempt to settle this problem of an unfair, unsocial preponderance of power by transferring the preponderance from him to me, I am merely proposing that someone else shall accept a situation, which I have declared I would not accept if asked of me. That way must lie eternal conflict. And indeed the abler of the political "realists" accept the fact that this unstable equilibrium must mean perpetual conflict. "You or I," Spain or England, Napoleon or the Englishman, Germany or Britain? What is the real alternative, that for which MacDonald and those associated with him have stood all their political lives? It is that "You or I" shall be replaced by "You and I," standing together for a code, law, under which we both can live. Such is the fundamental difference of principle. How in practice will that difference be expressed? Such power as we can muster in the way of alliances or what not shall stand by a clearly defined rule, not for the irresponsible dictation of one party.

It will be, whether the Liberals care to admit it or not, a very

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great departure from the negative principle of non-intervention. The Victorian Liberal said in effect: "Let each nation attend to its own business. If we do not meddle with other people's affairs, we shall remain at peace and be able to carry on our business." The Labor point of view is that this ignores the facts of the world in which we live. If, in fact, each nation could live to itself, a policy of non-intervention, non-interference, each attending to his own business, might be possible. But in the world in which we live, in Europe at least, my neighbor's business *is* my business. His control of the river down which I must pass to get to the sea, the railroad on his national "property" that I must use to sell my goods, his tariff, are all intimate concerns of mine. And if he takes the ground that he can do what he will with the river, or railroad, or canal within his national border, however indispensable it may be to me,—if that is his attitude, sooner or later I shall attempt to control him. I shall "intervene." Non-intervention is an impossible policy. We must come to bargains about these things; we must make an Economic Bill of Rights. "Laisser faire" and "laisser aller" are quite inapplicable to the circumstances of our life together.

The attitude of Labor on these things has indeed been perfectly clear for years. The great Labor unions of Britain are perfectly aware that the conditions of labor, wages, and the hours of work, on the Continent are an intimate concern of the workers in Great Britain. Long before the establishment of the Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, they made sporadic attempts to arrive at the international regulation of labor conditions. But it is quite obvious that no attempt to maintain international standards can be successful which ignores the control of raw material, transport, finance. No Labor legislation can do anything for Austrian workers if the work for factories is held up by a river navigation commission, or the purchase of food made impossible by the collapse of national credit.

Any measure of success in the job already undertaken,—international agreements designed to prevent the keenness of industrial competition from lowering the general working class standard of living,—will compel Labor in Britain to extend the purview of the trade organizations, to embrace bit by bit the entire economic field.

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The thing will begin with Russia. Recognition will be accompanied by more elaborate arrangements touching conditions of trade between the two countries, provision of credit, terms of re-payment, the relation of private trade to government; the systematic tackling of the Reparations question must inevitably strengthen this tendency towards international economic control,—towards a new international Code of Economic Right. For the very Conservatives who are declaring that there should be no further extension of government control over private enterprise, are demanding that Germany shall ruthlessly control her industrialists and financiers, and, for the purpose of collecting Reparations, bring practically all private enterprise under government direction. These same Conservatives are demanding that these measures shall be under international supervision, that the internal taxation of Germany must have the sanction of inter-allied bodies.

When we come to the settlement of inter-allied debts, we shall find that any successful solution must include international bargains concerning loans and credit facilities. The Labor Government will exact in all these arrangements the observance of certain standards touching wages, hours, and conditions of work. Moreover, we shall be led, by the circumstances, not merely to bargains about tariffs, but to the actual distribution of trade: certain lines of Russian trade will be assigned to Germany, certain other lines to Britain and France. If France is to be sure of a market for her iron, Germany's right to increase tariffs must be limited. That limitation will become more general. Stabilization will be the watch-word, not merely with reference to price movements, but all industrial activity.

These things will form the foundation of that economic Bill of Rights for Europe of which I have spoken. There will be a growing body of bargains concerning those things about which heretofore nations have fought. It will be increasingly recognized that the control of one nation over its territory is not absolute, that there will be such things as international rights of way, a general right to equality of treatment over those lines of communication. The tendency, already definite in this direction, will be enormously accentuated; industry will be controlled, not so much by governments, as by a recognized body of rights.

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The old advocate of the older "laisser faire" and "laisser aller" and national independence, attempted to secure stable conditions of life and industry by perpetuating a condition of international anarchy. He refused to recognize that, as between states, just as between individuals, freedom could only be secured by a system of control. To establish a rule, law, code about such things as indispensable rights of way, to prevent the creation of barriers, sometimes intolerable barriers, is not in fact to limit the area of freedom. It is to increase it. And we have now arrived at a state of the world's affairs in which the fact has to be faced that if the freedom of nations is to be preserved, it will be at the price now of maintaining by common power definite legislation dealing with quite tangible and concrete things like the right of access to the sea, the use of railroads, canals, access to raw materials, and so forth. To the creation of that economic Bill of Rights or that body of law, the Labor Party and the Labor Government is pledged, as the main part of its diplomatic task. It may be said that the principle, in embryo, was recognized by the older governments. That is true. But the vital difference will be one of emphasis. Where the old sought to put power behind the individual nation, the new will seek to put power behind the law.

The difference which I have attempted to indicate here is possibly not the difference upon which public curiosity will at first center. Will the Labor Government quarrel with France? Will it maintain or enlarge the nation's armaments? Will it sweep away the old personnel of the Diplomatic Service? Will it give titles to its ambassadors? Will they drop their aitches?

MacDonald will sacrifice almost anything not to quarrel with France. He will consent to the maintenance and even, on occasion, increase of the nation's armaments. He will not sweep away the old personnel but will be rigorous enough in changes to prevent any sabotage based upon the old prejudices. He will introduce new men only so far as it is necessary to have in the Diplomatic Service an instrument properly designed for the policy to which his party are pledged. Nearly all these new men will put their aitches in the right place.

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THE BUSINESS OF TAXATION

ANDREW WILLIAM MELLON
Secretary of the Treasury

IF THE Ford Motor Company doubled the price of its cars, does anyone doubt that it would sell fewer cars and consequently decrease its volume of profits, notwithstanding the increased profit per car? A similar argument applies to the taxation system, which, says Mr. Mellon, should be organized in accordance with sound business principles. Surtaxes have two great faults: first, they are rapidly failing as a source of revenue; second, they retard the natural growth of industry.

TAXATION is just like any other business. It must produce revenue without destroying the good will of the public or drying up the sources of income by overcharging. A sound system of taxation should produce revenue enough for the government and, at the same time, reduce so far as possible, the tax burden on the people. There is no reason why the question of taxation should not be approached from a non-partisan and business viewpoint. In recommending a revision of the taxes, the Treasury has acted, not in the interest of any party or section or class of taxpayers, but of the country as a whole. The present tax system is producing more revenue than is needed for the government's operation; the burden of taxation is excessive; and, while the necessity for it during the war was recognized and the load has been borne uncomplainingly by the country, the time has come for adjusting the taxes on a peace-time basis. Indeed, no other choice is possible, for Congress is, in a sense, the trustee of the people's money and rightly feels the most solemn sense of responsibility in its exercise of the power of levying taxes.

The Treasury has accordingly recommended to Congress that legislation be enacted, which will distribute the benefits of tax reduction among all classes of taxpayers and eliminate inequalities which are having a detrimental effect upon the country's normal development. The Treasury's recommendations contain three outstanding features: (1) a reduction of taxes on earned incomes; (2) a reduction of the normal tax rates on all incomes; and (3) a reduction of the surtax rates.

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There is no difference of opinion as to the necessity of enacting the first two provisions into law. It is merely a question of how great the reductions shall be. In making its recommendations, the Treasury has been guided by the necessity first, of providing a sufficient income for the government; second, of lightening the tax burden, so far as possible, on those least able to bear it; and third, of making readjustments of rates which will not only save the productivity of the system but will advance the general prosperity of the country. Under the Treasury's recommendations, about 70 per cent of the loss in revenue to the government will come from incomes below ten thousand dollars a year, and only 2½ per cent from incomes in excess of one hundred thousand dollars. It is a comprehensive plan, worked out as a result of the Treasury's experiences, and is fair to all.

I have never viewed taxation as a means of rewarding one class of taxpayers or punishing another. If such a point of view ever controls our public policy, the traditions of freedom, justice, and equality of opportunity, which are the distinguishing characteristics of our American civilization, will have disappeared, and in their place we shall have class legislation with all its attendant evils. The man who seeks to perpetuate prejudices and class hatreds is doing America an ill service. He shows a complete misconception of those principles of equality on which the country was founded, if, in order to defeat a system of taxation that is fair to all, he seeks to array one class of taxpayers against another. Any man of energy and initiative in this country can get what he wants out of life. But when that initiative is crippled by legislation which denies him the right to receive a reasonable share of his earnings, then he will no longer exert himself and the country will be deprived of the energy on which her continued greatness depends.

This condition has already begun to make itself felt as a result of the present unsound basis of taxation. During the war, the government developed a system of surtaxes which were designed to make the man of large income pay more proportionately than the smaller taxpayer. If he had twice as much income, he paid not twice, but three or four times as much taxes. For a short time, the surtaxes yielded a large revenue. But since the close of the war, people have come to look upon them as a busi-

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ness expense and have treated them accordingly by avoiding payment as much as possible. The history of taxation shows that taxes which are inherently excessive, are not paid. The high rates inevitably put pressure upon the taxpayer to withdraw his capital from productive business and invest it in tax-exempt securities or find other lawful methods of avoiding the realization of taxable income. The result is that the sources of taxation are drying up; wealth is failing to carry its share of the tax burden; and capital is being diverted into channels which yield neither revenue to the government nor profit to the people.

This is clearly shown by the statistics for the six-year period extending from 1916 to 1921. During this time the country's total net income increased over three times, whereas the total amount of incomes in excess of $300,000 a year decreased from nearly a billion dollars in 1916 to about 150 million dollars in 1921, and the number of taxpayers in the $300,000 class decreased from about 1,300 to about 250. It must be remembered also that the surtax rates in 1921 were far higher than in 1916, and yet the amount of revenue received by the government from the larger incomes constantly diminished. It may sound like a paradox, but the fact remains that higher surtaxes brought less revenue to the government from the large incomes than did the lower rates.

In taxes, just as in business, there is a rate which will produce the largest amount of revenue without decreasing the volume of business. If too high a price is charged, sales diminish and also profits. If too low a price is fixed, sales increase but profits decline. This is a basic principle in the sales policy of any great corporation. If the Ford Motor Company doubled the price of its cars, does any one doubt that it would sell fewer cars and consequently decrease its volume of profits, notwithstanding the increased profit per car? The government is a business concern and its revenue can and should be raised in accordance with business principles.

What rates will bring in the maximum amount of revenue to the government? The Treasury estimates that the highest surtax rate should not exceed 25 per cent, which, with a normal tax of 6 per cent, will impose a total tax of 31 per cent on incomes of $100,000 and over. It arrived at this conclusion in the following

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al stock issue time, a man with an income of $200,000 three years. He can invest in tax-exempted securi- bond issues to t and receive as much net income as he ould in time is rapidl ss enterprise paying 11 per cent. Good investme issue further per cent are hard to find, so the man of large inco k investment d more tending to avoid the risks of business and by men of money into tax-free bonds. There is no dearth of s of the smaities available for investment. At the present time, sustainin an 12 billion dollars of tax-free securities are outstan revents a the loss of revenue to the government over what it wou an of l e if the income were taxable has been estimated at a ver roarge amount. The tax-free securities outstanding would be unaffected by a constitutional amendment removing the tax-free feature of municipal and state bonds. Surtaxes, therefore, have two great defects: first, they are rapidly failing as a source of revenue to the government; and second, they not only encourage state and municipal extravagance and thereby increase local taxes, but they also retard the natural growth of industrial enterprise.

It would seem necessary to reduce the surtaxes, not only as a means of saving the productivity of the system, but also on account of the far-reaching effect which such a reduction would have on the country's continued development. It is necessary to mention only one or two industries which would be directly affected by a sound revision of the taxes. There is still a shortage of houses in the large cities of the country. While this shortage may be traced in part to the high cost of labor and material, it is due also to lack of capital which, in turn, may be explained by the fact that the surtaxes render it unprofitable for a man of large wealth to invest in housing enterprises. In order to make a reasonable return on his investment after paying his surtaxes, the man of large income must charge rents which are excessive; and, as the wisdom of such an investment is problematical, the wealthy man has preferred the safe refuge of tax-exempt securities to the risk involved in housing operations.

It is estimated that the railroads of the country will require a billion dollars a year for several years to come in order to provide new equipment and enlargements and to reduce the cost of transportation. In earlier years the railroads were able to maintain a

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reasonable proportion between their tot e present t: total interest obligations. In the last of 58 per cent. high surtaxes, the percentage of new 4½ per cen issues has constantly increased, and e in a busine pproac. ing when the railroads will be unable to s paying 11 ds without substantial increase in their stoome is more ar Railroad stocks, as a rule, have been purchased o put his ge income and the bonds have gone into the hand such secur r investor. The recent decision of the Supreme Cou e more tl he validity of the "recapture clause," effectually ling; and new stock being sold at a price which would give a m receiv e income an adequate return on his investment. If the ra y ds are to obtain new capital, a large part of it must come from the sale of stock; and to insure an adequate sale surtaxes must be reduced sufficiently to attract the large investor to that type of security.

The surtaxes were a war measure and were never intended to become a permanent part of our tax system. They are becoming increasingly unproductive and in recommending a reduction of rates, the Treasury has merely stated what every Secretary of the Treasury since the war, regardless of party affiliation, has recognized,—namely, that the present system is a failure and must be revised along sound lines. Such a recommendation is not, in any sense, a partisan measure and should be viewed solely from the standpoint of the government's and the country's best interests.

If the Treasury's recommendations are enacted into law, the taxpayers will save over $300,000,000 a year, or more than $6,000,000,000 over a twenty-year period. During this time the budget will provide for continued payments which will gradually reduce the public debt so that, if a sound system of taxation is adopted and the present policy of economy in government is continued, the country may look forward during the present generation not only to a decrease in the tax burden, but to increased prosperity in which every taxpayer will share.

A sound fiscal policy should be designed not merely for one or two years, nor for the effect it may have on any given class of taxpayers. It should be worked out with regard to conditions over a long period, and with a view to its ultimate effect on the prosperity of the country as a whole.

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TAXING THE MIDDLE CLASS

HERBERT CLAIBORNE PELL, JR.

THE Garner plan aims at cutting down the taxes of the middle class,—everyone with incomes ranging from $1,000 to $56,000. The Democrats believe that it is not the great fortunes but the man and woman of limited income who is most in need of tax relief at the present time. But it is by reducing the Tariff that the real cut in taxes can be made, for the present rates produce high taxes, graft, and foreign enmity. Corruption in American politics is very largely due to the Tariff.

WHOSE taxes are going to be reduced? Is one small part of the tax-paying public to get most of the benefit of tax reduction? That is the question.

The present tax bill, which we are now told is utterly destructive to business and prevents the development of our country, exists after the entire control of the tax machinery has been in the hands of the Republican Party for five years. That party has had a majority in both houses of Congress ever since fighting ceased in Europe, and it is definitely responsible for present tax conditions. If the surtaxes are so iniquitous, the Republican Party could have lowered them six years ago when serious tax reduction was demanded by President Wilson.

Last year the country was overtaxed a quarter of a billion dollars. This vast sum unnecessarily taken from the people now lies in the Treasury at the mercy of politicians anxious only for their own advantage. The resentment of the entire country has been heard in Washington, and this iniquitous and stupid extortion will be ended.

The Mellon Plan, backed by the full strength of the Republican Party, provides that the greatest reduction shall be in the taxes of the very rich, on the ground, openly expressed by some of the most forceful supporters of this scheme, that the savings of the middle class will no longer provide for the development of our country, and that if our economic structure is to continue to expand we must rely on the increasing power of a comparatively few people slowly raising themselves to an economic hegemony over their fellow citizens. The savings of the small man are no longer sufficient. He is already so crushed by the

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advancing cost of living that his incentive and ability to save are practically done away with. His experience in the investment field has been unfortunate, and it is better for the economic development of the country that the tax-gatherer should continue his extortionate demands upon this uncomplaining victim and take from him those few dollars that otherwise might be spent in innocent amusement or saved toward the building of a little home, if by this means other and wiser men may be enabled to extend their holdings and their control of our country and the lives of our fellow men. If this be true, it is an almost conclusive argument in favor of practically confiscatory surtaxes on large incomes. It should be apparent to the proud and great and their political representatives that their survival depends on the despised little fellow. The existence of a large number of small properties and the easy acquisition of others is the only possible guarantee of the continuance of large fortunes. It will be a bad day for this country if it should ever be divided into the very rich and the very poor. Far more than the advocates of either group realize, this country is maintained and held together by that uncomplaining middle class,—for so long the butt of political attack and the victim of commercial exploitation.

I should like to know what has become of the hordes of small stockholders, widows and orphans,—"the real capitalists of the country,"—about whom we hear so much on certain occasions.

Under Mr. Mellon's plan, a person with $1,000,000 income saves $251,784. Fifty heads of families, each having an income of $20,000—total $1,000,000—save $35,350. One hundred heads of families, each having an income of $10,000—total $1,000,000—save $22,200. Two hundred heads of families, each having an income of $5,000—total $1,000,000—save $5,950. Four hundred heads of families, each having an income of $2,500—total $1,000,000—save nothing.

We are told that the million-dollar income in the hands of one man pays very much more than one million dollars divided among fifty or one hundred or two hundred individuals. This is quite true, and it seems to me to be just. The heaviest tax burdens should lie where they can most easily be borne. No sane person imagines that the Democratic plan will, during the course of a year, ask any rich man to give up one egg for break-

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fast that he would have consumed had the Mellon Plan been adopted. He can not justly consider too burdensome such a tax levied by the government which has protected him in the acquisition and possession of his fortune. I do not want to see either rich or poor escape taxation. I should like to see a system which would make the actual daily pinch equal for one and for the other. Is it too much to ask that a tax which makes a poor man walk five blocks instead of taking a trolley car should make a richer man take a trolley instead of a taxicab?

Do not misunderstand the point of view of the Democratic Party. We would be glad to do away with all taxation. We recognize that every tax has an effect harmful to the development of the country, but we realize that it is necessary to raise funds to carry on the government. It is absurd to picture the Democratic Party as if it were the enemy of every man who has accumulated a dollar or achieved any commercial success. There is not a person in the country getting an income of less than $56,000 a year who is not better treated by the Democratic than by the Republican scheme. This would be about the average yield of a fortune of a million dollars. When politicians attack us as the enemies of property and the enemies of success and say that our bill is simply a scheme to get the votes of the failures and of the impecunious, I can say that we represent the honest middle class; that we represent the industrious laborer, the great majority of the business men of the community, and the vast body of the property of the country. We believe that reduction of taxation is desirable and that it should be spread equally among the people.

Mr. Mellon would reduce by $5 the tax on an income of $3,000, and by over $10,000 the tax on an income of $100,000 a year. Is this equal?

We must not, however, let ourselves forget that a great part of the agitation on the subject of income tax today is being engineered to distract the attention of the people from the extraordinary rise in prices caused by the Fordney Tariff Act. No matter who pays income tax, every dollar so paid goes into the Treasury of the United States. About one dollar in ten paid as a result of the tariff ever gets into your Uncle Sam's pocket. The other nine go to some profiteer.

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During the first year of the operation of the Fordney tariff, according to the United States Department of Labor, the average cost of living in the United States increased about six per cent, and it is commodities especially affected by the Fordney bill, such as food, clothing, furniture, and farm implements, which showed the big increases; while the total increase in the cost of housing, fuel, light, and miscellaneous articles not so likely to be affected by the tariff was, by way of comparison, slight. We can safely say that an American family of four people with an income of $200 a month has had its expenses increased as a direct result of the Fordney Law approximately $140 a year, which would aggregate, for the country, about three billions of dollars. The Fordney Law takes from the $200 a month family at the same rate that the present income tax takes from the family with $12,000 a year; that Mr. Mellon proposes to take from incomes of $13,000 to $14,000, and that the Democratic scheme would ask only from incomes appreciably over $20,000. This money is not received by the government to be used in the repayment of its debt or its legitimate expenses, but lies still in the pockets of a few promoters who hope to escape by one private law the payment of taxes on the profits made for them by another.

As a practical politician I can say without fear of contradiction that ninety per cent of the corruption in American politics comes from the tariff. It is a notorious fact that excepting the enacting clause at the beginning and the President's signature at the end not one word got into this bill without paying its way. There is not a deadhead sentence. Most of the witnesses heard by the Committee on Ways and Means of the House in preparing this bill were contributors to the Republican Party or their representatives who had paid for a license to steal and were intent on getting that which they had paid for.

This bill of necessity affects our foreign policy. I have just returned from England where I found the advocates of a tariff employing the same method that is used here; that is to say, arousing dislike and hatred of foreign countries. Neither there nor here can one advocate the levying of a tax on every handkerchief or shirt bought by any person on the ground that the mill-owner prefers a Rolls-Royce to a Ford. You have to make

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a speech about the wicked foreigner and add your bit to that dynamite of international hatred which will accumulate and wait quietly enough until the coming of the spark. Let anyone interested in future peace think of this. Let anyone who is bringing up children think of this, or anyone likely to live for twenty years.

Enormous sums are owed this country by practically every nation on earth. There is but one method by which these debts can be paid, and that is in goods. There is but one method by which the United States can help other countries, and that is to buy from them. I do not advocate loans or gifts, but I do advocate extensive purchases in order to relieve the people of the United States of the intolerable cost of living which is now oppressing them (for which the Republican tariff is largely responsible), and also to make possible the repayment of billions of dollars of debt.

Let me remind you that this debt will be paid. It was borrowed by the United States on its own faith and credit, and then lent by our government to those of Europe. The only question is whether that debt will be paid out of the pockets of the American tax-paying public or in goods sent over by our debtors. I can suggest that the difference between these two courses will mean to every taxpayer, rich or poor, for twenty years, more than the forty per cent which Secretary Mellon would cut from the taxes on incomes of over $200,000 a year, or even the fifty per cent which the Democrats offer to cut from the tax on incomes of $10,000. There is absolutely no use whatsoever in talking of this foreign debt in any terms except as a complete and total loss, if we are unwilling to permit to American citizens equal access with foreigners to the markets of the world.

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DEFENDING THE SOLDIER

JOHN ROBERTSON QUINN

THE Commander of the American Legion argues that the so-called Soldiers' Bonus ought to be included in any scheme of taxation. Canada has given her soldiers $540 each in adjusted compensation, the United States only $60. Commander Quinn maintains that the total amount to be paid under the proposed Adjusted Compensation Bill has been greatly exaggerated and that the surplus in the national budget for one year will provide compensation payments for three years.

AMERICA has a political football which has been misnamed and maligned as the Soldiers' Bonus. There is no Soldiers' Bonus Bill before Congress today, but there is a bill entitled by those familiar with it "The Adjusted Compensation Bill." This bill does not propose a bonus; it is a matter of simple justice,—a proposal to adjust the compensation of nearly five million World War veterans. During the war many references were made in regard to some compensation to be given to the men whose lives had been so rudely interrupted. Posters were printed and speeches were delivered to the effect that a grateful nation would reward its fighters. However, it was not until after the conclusion of hostilities, when the American Legion had come into being, that a definite solution was sought for some kind of compensation for the soldiers and sailors. At its first national convention, held in Minneapolis in 1919, the Legion passed a resolution leaving to Congress the task of readjustment, implying at the same time that a grave injustice had been done to the veteran.

The first actual request for compensation came from the Legion, in 1920, although many demands from the states had already been made. This demand came about at that time owing to the fact that men were still being released from service, and hundreds of thousands were unable to find any kind of employment. It was estimated that in 1920 over a million men were unemployed at one time.

In the national elections of 1920 a majority of the candidates in both parties pledged themselves to vote for the American Legion's bill. The bill came before the House of Representatives

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in 1921, was passed by the Senate by a vote of 47 to 22, and only failed to come into being owing to the veto of President Harding. At the present time the American Legion is backed in its demand by every recognized national ex-service men's organization, by the American Federation of Labor, and also by many other patriotic organizations.

It must be remembered that heretofore bonuses have always been paid to men who fought for their country. The veterans of the revolutionary struggle were awarded a settlement of their pay claims; Abraham Lincoln had no hesitancy in accepting pay revisions and restoring compensation when he fought through the Black Hawk War as a captain. General Grant and General Lee both applied for and received "bonuses" in 1850 and 1840, respectively, when one was a second lieutenant, the other a captain. The veterans of the Civil War fought for years to have their pay adjusted and were finally given indiscriminate pensions. This is a policy that we oppose absolutely.

England, France, Canada, and Australia are but a few of the warring countries that have granted bonuses to their returned soldiery. These bonuses range in figures from a maximum of $540 granted in Canada, the $100 in England and France, to the $60 compensation bestowed on our soldiers and sailors upon their discharge.

The one phase of adjusted compensation its opponents have avoided is the justice of the veteran's request. They avoid this angle because no argument would hold water. Nor has the veteran taken the arbitrary stand that the military forces, alone and unaided, won the war, because such a statement likewise would not hold water for an instant. Financial interests, by directing the flow of money into munitions plants; contractors who built factories; manufacturers who turned out the product, —all these did their not small share in winning the war. They supplied the ammunition and the stores necessary for the needs and comforts of the fighting man. The government adjusted their contracts, so that their profit was left undisturbed. The shipyard workers, for example, received trebled wages, double pay for overtime, bonuses and the like, which was perfectly legitimate as living costs had doubled and nearly trebled and an adjustment was due them.

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Another worthy action was the government's payment of a bonus of $240 a year to civil service workers, whose incomes would have suffered had not some form of adjustment been made. All these classes of workers had their payments adjusted, and it is therefore fair to ask why soldiers should be discriminated against and should not receive the same treatment that they received without a controversy.

Opponents of adjusted compensation have declared that to pay the costs of the act would cost at least $5,000,000,000 and others have gone so far as to say it would cost $20,000,000,000.

Let us inquire into those figures. Under the provisions of the Legion's bill there are approximately 325,000 ex-service men who must receive cash. These are the men who served in the military one hundred days or less. They are entitled to a dollar a day for this service, less the $60 they received at discharge. To pay these men calls for an immediate cash outlay of $16,000,000. Further, under the adjusted service certificate, the home-aid and farm loan clause, and the vocational education proviso, the cash outlay for the first three years amounts to $242,000,000. This is not the Legion's estimate, but is the figure supplied by actuaries in the Treasury Department.

In the recent tax reduction statement from this department, it was declared that this year's surplus would amount to $323,000,000. Last year it was said there would be a deficit of $300,000,000, instead of which a surplus of $323,000,000 is announced. From this statement it can be seen that the adjusted compensation cost can be paid for in three years out of this year's surplus alone.

The Secretary of the Treasury has stated there can be no bonus and tax reduction at the same time. The difference between $83,000,000 and $323,000,000 is $240,000,000. That much can be lopped off, it would seem, and still pay a just debt to the soldiers. And this amount,—does it sound like $5,000,000,000 or $20,000,000,000? It would take more than sixty years of payments to reach even the lesser total.

This fact has been pointed out repeatedly. The anti-compensationists have countered with the argument that compensation must be paid over a period of twenty-five or thirty years; that a sinking fund would be necessary to provide for future

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payments. Yet the government does not provide a sinking fund to pay for the Navy twenty years from now, although the Navy is certainly an item of expense extending over a period of years.

They have said the veteran would squander the money if given him. To show the ludicrousness of this assertion, let me explain how the money is invested. The adjusted service certificate is nothing more or less than a paid-up twenty-year endowment insurance policy. The certificate does not mature for twenty years. If the veteran dies it is immediately payable to his beneficiaries, but insurance companies issue such insurance every day, and they do not go bankrupt.

If the veteran chooses home-aid and farm loan, the money goes into building up the country and becomes part of the economic prosperity of our great land. Furthermore, this money is not paid until it is seen that the ex-service man is not being mulcted by some unscrupulous real estate promoter.

Five years ago the vocational provision would have been precious. For then, there were thousands of ex-service men who had dropped school to fight for their country and in 1919 wanted to go back. Their country took them away to protect its life, and justice would demand it send them back to be educated. There are still many ex-service men who will take advantage of this opportunity and, surely, obtaining an education is not squandering money!

Democracy means rule of the majority, Democracy means justice for all. If our country still holds to the democratic principle laid down by our forefathers in the Constitution, then right, justice, and equality demand that Congress enact and President Coolidge sign the American Legion's Federal Adjusted Compensation Bill at this session.

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EXPERIMENTING WITH FAITH

The Significance of Group Mysticism

ALLAN ARMSTRONG HUNTER

IN THE October number Mr. Hunter explained the bewilderment felt by young ministers and students of theology as they are called upon to face the complex social problems of the day, while their elders wage a controversy over matters of dogma. In this paper he gives a glimpse of a new kind of religious consciousness existing among earnest members of the younger generation which he believes may prove a source of inspiration in guiding the spiritual and moral life of the future.

AFTER eleven o'clock at night, young theological students like to gather by twos or threes in each other's rooms for what they call "bicker sessions." They have been digging into texts and cut and dried theories all day long and listening to lectures by older men, so in respite they put their feet upon their desks, sip at a cup of cocoa and for an hour or more indulge themselves in talk about the things that are real and fascinating to their souls. It is here as perhaps nowhere else, in these midnight discussions, untrammelled and undefiled by fear of "what the deacons would say," that the spiritual hopes of the younger generation are seen naked and tingling, alive with authentic fresh articulation. These sessions, prompted perhaps by a social or gregarious instinct, have a purport transcending the social, and may even be said to symbolize a new force which is coming into the religious consciousness.

A few months ago three of us who had been studying more than two years together in an undenominational seminary of New York, were exchanging ideas about the kind of religion that is likely to be used by the coming generation. One of these, a vigorous thinker and a popular leader in his college, had recently struggled through three years of atheism to a vision of God that gave him authority, and now he was musing as if he were seeing a truth that he could not help expressing: "Look at the way Steinmetz and those researchers up the river are making electricity jump across from one wire to another,—like lightning. I tell you fellows, things look pretty dark in the world. But why shouldn't we be able to make discoveries and hitch up great energies in the spiritual world the way those inventors are doing?"

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Just then he turned on an electric bulb. "Maybe," he exclaimed with the eagerness of a new revelation, "we'll learn to switch on the light just like this!"

We dislike dogma, and it would be absurdly dogmatic to claim that we of this newer generation are working out a religion that is going to flood us with sudden light, as that room was illuminated. But whatever the results, whether we come upon something revolutionary or no, a larger number of us than older folk suspect, are carrying on an experiment in faith.

This experiment we are conducting not in caves and monasteries isolated and unspotted from the world, where ancient religionists often made their research magnificent, but in laboratories in the midst of men, where the tendencies of the age converge, where spirit with spirit meets. To us it is a social age, an age of circulation. "Be on your toes!" a thousand voices cry, "Get out of your rut, your Main Street; travel! Go to the big city! Mix with all sorts of people! Pick up as many different viewpoints as you can! Let's away from the stuffy, petty valleys that separate people! Let's on together toward the broad plateaus where the freer winds are blowing!"

That seems to be the final gospel of most of our young-minded friends today. But we who are trying to understand the needs of our generation are beginning to realize that circulation is not enough. Mingling with others, no matter how incessantly or how extensively, is not going to satisfy those needs. For it is possible to talk to five hundred persons and not really meet one, to keep going so many hectic "contacts" that we only tickle the surface of personality. And what we universally crave these days more than anything else, is kinship. We would have the most genuinely personal part of us understood by others and completely used. We would have the depths within us answered by the depths in those we call our friends. And those depths are not answered by jostlings in the street, by gregarious gossip at lunch, by smoking-room conversations.

Some of us, believing that spirit, like nature, abhors a vacuum, are launching out on a new venture of faith,—faith that has little to do with formulating beliefs but that has everything to do with following the gleam shoulder to shoulder with comrades. Faith for us, as it was with Donald Hankey, means hazarding all

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we have and are on the wager that we can get into strengthening touch with an infinite friendly energy.

We are not confronted by precisely the same situation that Donald Hankey and his comrades in khaki had to face, trying to smash German militarism, but we feel that our peculiar problems demand of us about as much energy and concentration and discipline as the war enlisted.

Today it is not that our nation's security is being attacked. It is that our whole system of morality is under fire. The ideal of chastity, the integrity of the home,—monogamy itself,—seem to be targets for the clever satirizings of writers who have a vogue with certain of our younger friends. And one frequently hears comments like this: "All these mores and taboos about sex are just a matter of convention. Anthropology shows us that one primitive tribe has one set of moral rules and regulations while another tribe has an opposite set. There is nothing inherently sacred or obligatory about the rules of savages or the customs of present-day society. The only law fit to obey is the law of self-realization. How a man or a woman conducts his or her sex life is nobody's business but the person's in question."

Not very much damage has yet resulted from this loose attitude regarding the relations between men and women. As to our actual conduct, most of us who are young are still coasting on the moral momentum of our forbears. The trouble is that this unearned momentum will not carry us forward indefinitely.

Again as we turn from the hatred and suspicion that are Europe to look across the Pacific toward China and Japan with their immense potentialities for militarism, we realize that the organized violence of nationalism may leave our civilization a smoking ruin. The forces against us are pretty strong. The genro of the world are cleverer than we, and to get control of the present drift toward the destruction by war is not an easy task. It will take all the consecration and brains we can muster.

There are other issues: to give to men and women now being slowly crushed in the industrial machine a chance to live more abundant lives; to secure that the state shall recognize the universal right of men everywhere to express freely what they believe, whether about the theory of evolution according to Darwin or the doctrine of non-resistance according to Debs; to purify

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the schools and press of propaganda; to win decent treatment for negroes in Oklahoma and races in our midst that inflame our prejudices, whether Russian, German, or Japanese. Nor can we overlook the more directly personal issues of ignorance and sickness and moodiness that conspire to dwarf the spirit of many people we meet.

Before the magnitude and perplexity of such problems we would be in despair, with no possible chance of a solution, were it not for the fact that we are getting our hands on a mysterious power that we are sure will accomplish great things for us. That power is group mysticism. Not the kind of thing associated with table-rapping and ectoplasm and ghostly whisperings at a crowded darkened séance, nor the selfish, futile ecstasy that carries away gatherings of impressionable young religionists chorusing, "*O that will be glory for me!*"

What we mean by group mysticism is the more than ordinary expansion of the spirit that results when in frankness and directness a company of trusted friends meet together to seek a solution for common problems. This enlarging experience we do not often find at customary church services: perhaps they have become too customary, or it may be there are assembled there too many folk of antagonistic temperaments and ways of thinking to allow for trust, directness, and frankness. At rare moments we seem to feel the exaltation of it at symphony concerts or at gatherings where there is a unity of purpose and a commanding personality to whose words we are altogether drawn.

The occasion, however, where we feel the tingle of this experience most keenly and unfailingly is in small intimate group meetings of four or five, of the same age and interests, where is a willingness all round to face crucial issues without fear or bigotry or embarrassment.

A member of such a group of students that meets once a week, I am convinced after two years' experience that the idea, though difficult to explain psychologically, has a value that makes it worth studying and propagating among our generation. Working separately in the library or the outside world, we become harassed by schedules, cluttered up with theories, scattered and pessimistic. So, like most of our contemporaries, what we need is freshness of spirit and sharpness of mind with which to attack

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our job. This we get with surprising frequency as we meet together, apparently in proportion as we trust each other and share our difficulties with frankness.

Perhaps one member feels the edge of the situation in Europe, where nations remain in the old vicious circle of suspicion and distrust, and students starve; or he is oppressed with his inability to help vitally the men he has seen in the factories of his home city. Whatever the perplexity, he submits it to his friends who focus their minds upon it. After a few moments of such corporate confession and mutual analysis, often touched with humor, there is spontaneous prayer. As a result of that openness with each other and interplay of confidence, something is generated that sends us out elated and clear, ready to take the next step with verve and conviction.

Then, too, there are many personal conflicts and confusions. Few can escape the gnawing anxiety of the sex question. The more vital the temperament the more terrific the stress. As we try to get out of the maze of this question together, acknowledging complexes and repressions, there is discovered to us a fact that sets us free: whereas in our unhappy ignorance we have imagined ourselves unique and alone in these worries, the opposite proves to be the case. Our friends for all their apparent poise, are under the same torment, in the same struggle. And just talking it over among them, without suspicion and with sympathy, is like having a window opened, and a great refreshing wind blow all the preoccupation and stuffiness away. Courage and singleness of mind, the kind of purity we value, come to us with an immense relief of conscience and a release of energy that can now be directed toward useful ends.

In matters of honesty in our work and unselfishness in our ordinary relationships, group conference and prayer give us the same initiative toward the right thing, and the sense of definite direction. This holds not only for groups of students of long-tested familiarity, which are the most effective, but for occasional "house parties,"—that is, gatherings composed of young business or college men where problems are hammered out together over the week-end in a retreat undisturbed by older people.

For example, a young business man, the treasurer of an important New York firm, was persuaded to go to one of these

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house parties in company with twelve or fifteen college students. He was told that it would be a religious conference with no blinds down, and he went reluctantly. It took only an hour or so of friendly but vital discussion around a grate fire to make him aware that this house party had life in it. Here were fellows, not exchanging pious platitudes, but coming straight out into the open with what they had for months or years been unsuccessfully trying to bury in their subconscious minds. There was an infection of sincerity and directness in that group. And soon the business man realized that he was looking himself straight in the eyes. Before this it had been easy enough to salve his conscience about his misuse of the company's funds. But in the presence of these men he was shocked with the realization that he had been stealing. Catching the idea from the others, he made a clean breast of all this before them and before God.

Going directly to the president of his firm, he made a confession. When he finished, the president was silent. Then he said quietly, "Thanks for telling me. I, too, have been misusing the company's money. But together we'll set this error right!"

The give and take of such verbal analysis as that, in the house party which enlarged my friend's conscience, is not always necessary. On the East Side of New York City an acquaintance conducts a forum in which a handful of young Jews and socially minded Christians take part. It is in a district where people are too over-crowded and strained easily to keep in health and serenity. So before the discussion of the issue, say, of "How to practice mental healing," the small group of friends remain silent, allowing their subconscious minds to work over their topic.

The critical will say there is nothing significant or new in this, and they will point back to the routine of family worship when each day every person under the common roof gathered together for "prayers." Most of us remember with some affection this custom that was once as nearly universal as it now is rare. But we recall, nevertheless, a feeling of being stopped up as we listened to phrases of outworn centuries. There was no free discussion, little interplay of personality, more paternalism than democracy of worship. Perhaps we were all too hampered by the fixed prejudices that exist among brothers and sisters.

But now that children are coming more nearly to be treated as

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individuals with personalities to be respected, there is a chance that this group mysticism we believe in may be set going to draw families together as never before. Here and there before hearths bright with the fervor of mind meeting mind, one has had refreshing glimpses of this new way of living; and some of us are planning, as we have homes of our own, to carry through into every family relationship such trust and full sharing of spiritual things as shall send us out into our work with wings.

This awakening of morale and release of enthusiasm that breaks out among closely knit groups of spiritual adventurers who are not afraid to be frank about their inmost problems seems to jump from spirit to spirit like a spark that nothing can quench. Perhaps it is an apostolic blaze that may leap from continent to continent, from America to the Far East. . . . For once it takes possession of a man he scatters his sense of God wherever he goes.

Is there the danger that we shall cut ourselves off from the old discipline of private individual prayer, that has been maintained with conspicuous usefulness throughout many centuries and many faiths? We do not think so. Rather we find that to make our group mysticism effective to the maximum, it is indispensable for us to bring to it the preparation and richness of quietness in which we try to be plastic to the will of God,—not petitioning the Almighty for favors, but listening in a wise passiveness to the still small voice within. One friend describes this as "waiting for hunches from headquarters." In his work he meets hundreds of students who are less than a match for their problems. During this special time he lets his mind dwell on these men and accepts as divine direction the suggestions that come to him as to how specifically to help them. Then during the day, by letter or by personal contact, he does what he can to connect them with forces that will break and lift them above the vicious circles in which they are caught.

It is true that great hearts have attacked the evils of the world with immense valor and openmindedness, unconscious of intercourse with any spirit or group of spirits, and to belittle their service would be like ignoring the soldiers who went over the lines on their own in single-seater fighting planes. But for ourselves, we are convinced that the thrill of being together with

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others of like purpose in a dedicated quest for light and power, carries us on a current of enthusiasm often lacking to those who struggle alone. Group mysticism softens the customary callousness and washes the staleness away; it gives a new and quick sensitiveness to the needs and interests of folk, a sharpened sense that God is in everybody, an eagerness to respond to that exciting mysterious force in men called personality. And it makes conversational fencing unsatisfying. We don't want always to spend our words adroitly parrying the other fellow's efforts to get at the heart of us, with talk about the weather, the columnist's comment, the latest musical comedy.

Dealing with men directly, naturally, and frankly as we are now moved to do, we have our eyes opened to an amazing willingness to respond in the same manner, an eagerness to uncover the dark places where their spirit is being eaten away, together with unsuspected capacities for growth in character. The job is to put these men in touch with a group, or help them form one of their own, so that these untried powers can be aroused and released.

But in this enterprise of redemption, it is not long before we wake up to another realization: we will have to pay a heavy price. Sooner or later, if we really mean business we must stand up and take the consequences of our experiment in faith. For the forces of this conventional world pitted against us are more deeply entrenched and practised than are we.

Take that matter of war. Some of us are coming to believe, with all reverence for the Donald Hankeys who made the last sacrifice in France, that war is murder, murder that is nothing but an insane contradiction of the purposes of evolution and the spirit of Christ. We know that as we get up and say this in the pulpit or the press or in conversation, we may some time have to go to Leavenworth for our stand.

Or consider the issue of religious reconstruction. Those of us who do not care to be surreptitious about what we really believe, and are saying openly now that we are through with outworn theological dogmas, we are not going to have exactly smooth sailing in the church.

As for the press, we do not need to read *The Brass Check* to recognize the likelihood of poverty waiting for us right around the corner, if we keep our pens clean of propaganda. Or we are

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social workers; well, in our attempt so to change the conditions of industry that there will be a rigorously concrete application of Justice rather than an occasional condescending gesture of charity for those who labor, the way will not be paved. No! It will not be paved when we seriously investigate and make known the causes of poverty and human degradation in shops and factories.

Certain things are perfectly clear to us. If we mean business in this experiment of faith, this venture of group mysticism, we are not going to live sumptuously with high-powered motors to shoot us swiftly and unseeing through slums and mill districts and places where men are spoiled. We will have to live simply and rigorously, or else stultify our souls. Further, we are dead sure to be misunderstood; we may be called "fools." Since quickened sensitiveness brings pains as well as satisfactions, we will be weighed down and cut by the needless suffering on every side, the needless distortion in the lives of growing children and alien races, the needless failure of men around us to enjoy the light and seize the adventure of living.

But in a few of us the conviction is crystalizing that we can take up the cross right ably on this spiritual basis of trust and partnership and insights shared, that we can become nerved with the courage of freshness that shall carry us far.

And always there will be to quicken us the high example of those pioneers of light who set out like us to experiment with faith. Socrates drank the hemlock but there was never numbed in him the throbbing assurance that he could ever follow the gleam with comrades on "that whiter island where things are evermore sincere." And when we come to Jesus, we see in the unconquerable radiance of that face a venture of faith that was a miracle. The world took Him as a dog takes a rat in its mouth, and shook Him. But it could not shake out of Him the trust He had in men to respond to the love of God. And we suspect that much of the power and vision to hold on to the end were given Him there in that little room where He met His friends and shared a meal with them. As He consecrated himself in their inspiriting presence, He found strength to go on, light enough to walk out across the Kidron Valley to the Mount of Olives.

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INHERITANCE OF THE NEW

PAUL KAMMERER

MUST we alter the prevailing theory of evolution? Must we again revise Darwin? Scientists generally agree that human beings and other forms of life do not inherit characteristics acquired by the preceding generation. Changes take place by a slow process, over long periods of time, through variation and selection from within the germ, and are not produced by external forces. Long noses may appear in generations of families, but the length of the nose is not due to the excessive use of the handkerchief by any one particular generation.

Now comes to America a professor of biology from the University of Vienna, who challenges this conception of inheritance. Twenty years of experiment have convinced him that so-called acquired characteristics can be handed on. In the following essay he states the result of two of his experiments. The Spotted Salamander, removed from water, loses spots, lacking also in succeeding generations. Amputations of the tubes of the Sea Squirt, again, produces lengthened siphons which reappear automatically in the new generation where no amputation has been performed.

"This onslaught," says Professor Kammerer, "shakes the foundations of a supposedly impenetrable wall of objections, over and again raised against the contention of the inheritance of acquired characteristics." Translating this experience to man, he asks "Do not our children today learn to read and write more quickly than their grandparents did?"

OUR organic and our mental characteristics are to be divided into two distinct groups; such characteristics as have been passed on to us by our forebears and those which we have acquired in the course of our lifetime. That is, we have to divide our organic and mental characteristics into inherited characteristics and acquired characteristics. Regarding the organic characteristics, as far as they manifest themselves in a race, a nation, or a family, there has never been any doubt that they really exist. And, just as they are inherited, they are in turn passed on to the following generations. There arises the question, can the characteristics individually acquired,—personal characteristics in the strictest sense of the word,—be passed on to posterity?

Let the facts speak for themselves. Permit me to refer to one

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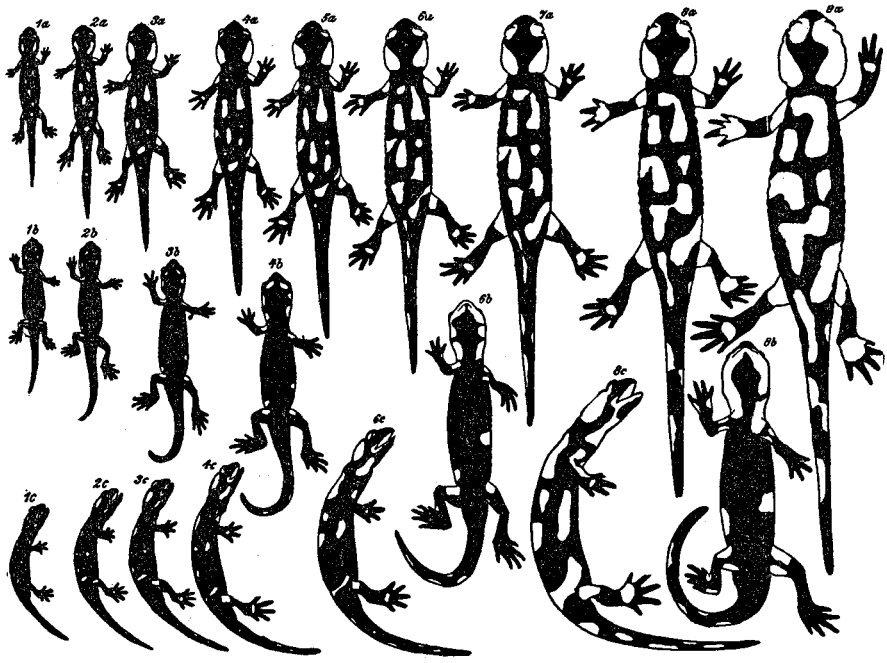

I—*Spotted salamander kept on a yellow background. The drawing shows the identical specimen in consecutive stages of progressing color-change in intervals of from five to seven months. (a) back. (b) belly. (c) right side.*

of my oldest experiments, because it has progressed further than any of the others and because it has been confirmed by tests.

The spotted salamander (Salamandra maculosa) bears about fifty young, which, for months after birth, do not resemble the mother but live in water as larvae, with clusters of gills for respiration and with a finned tail for swimming. If one removes the female from the water, precluding the possibility of giving birth to its young in a moist element, it has, of course, hardly any perceptible effect upon the development of the next pregnancy. Floundering larvae are born on dry ground, and they would invariably perish if they were not promptly placed in water. Death by drying-up would also have been the fate of the next issue,—usually born at intervals of six months,—had not the mother salamander delivered larger larvae which, within the womb of the mother, passed the period meant for development in the water. Generally, beginning with the fourth generation, at the conclusion of the second year of experimentation,

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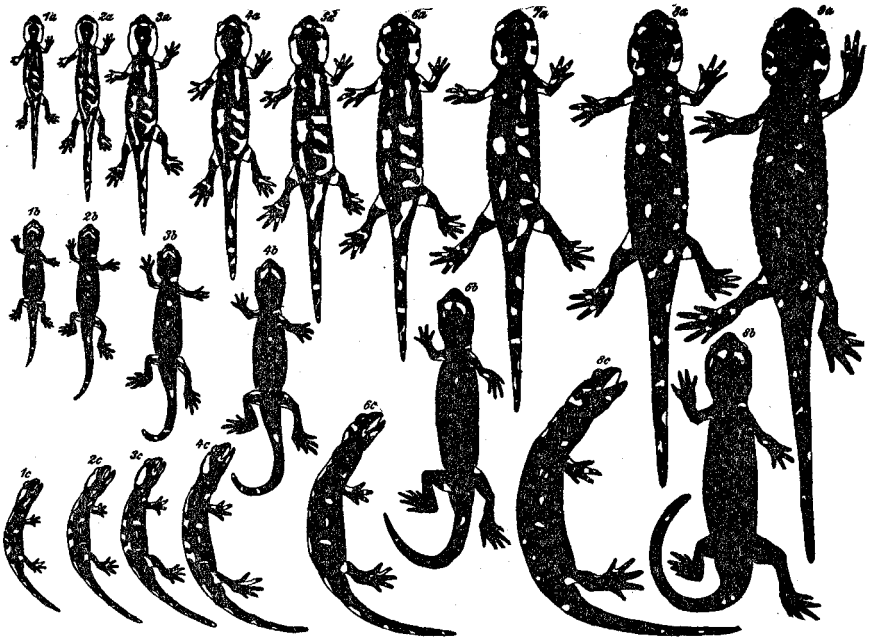

II—Spotted salamander kept on a black background.

the young ones, born on land, are no longer in any danger of death by drying up. They are completely developed little salamanders breathing through lungs and, thanks to sturdy little legs and a cylindrical finless tail, they have the ability to move with ease upon solid ground.

The successfully acquired advantage of depending on the mother during the entire period of development instead of on the water, certainly had to be compensated for in some manner; so instead of fifty progeny (the usual potentiality of the female salamander), only six, four, or even two are born at one time, the salamander's womb allowing no space for more. The remaining eggs liquefy at an early stage and develop a fluid yolk, which serves as nourishment for those embryos destined for further development.

After the necessary space and nourishment within the narrow storehouse is provided for, there remains only the respiration to be looked after. This means that the salamander must do the best it can to get along on the scantiest supply of air possible. As an increase of air through ventilation is impossible, the

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amount available must be utilized to the fullest extent by the respiratory apparatus. This apparatus—the gills—enlarges its respiratory surface, becomes elongated, branches out, increases the number of blood vessels, and covers itself with a very fine skin in order to allow no hindrance to the entrance of air.

The newly born salamanders display still another change; aside from being subnormal in size, they bear noticeably few yellow spots and, in fact, are almost monotonously black. A pupil of Professor Nussbaum (Lemberg) has recently proved that this same result appears if the salamander larvae is cultivated in water containing common salt. The experiment also explains why the larvae turn black in the womb; namely, because animal tissue is also salt-containing, and this is particularly true of the fluid-filled cavities, such as the pregnant uterus.

The insignificant trick of the experimentor; *i.e.*, the preventing of the mother salamander from disposing of its young in the water, brought about not only one, but an entire series of different characteristics. Since these made their appearance during the individual life of each salamander, as a result of external events, and since they also indicate the personal experiences of each generation, one may designate the late birth, the diminished number and size of the progeny, the development of the gills, and the fainter spotting, as "acquired" characteristics.

With sufficiently frequent repetitions of similar experiences, late births become not only a fixed habit of the mother, so that even in insufficient water she develops a reduced number of young within the womb, but the young also become late-bearing. Subsequently the entire chain of development,—size, gills, coloring,—apparently is inherited by following generations.

This entire experiment has already been performed for us by nature, which has brought to existence a type of salamander inhabiting the mountains where bodies of water, favorable to depositing the larvae, are lacking. The black salamander of the Alps (Salamandra Atra) is apparently a hereditarily degenerated descendant of the spotted salamander. It gives birth to two fully developed young which pass their larval state in the maternal uterus, maintaining life by consuming the other eggs and by the development of large gills.

The color changes which I produced in the spotted salamander

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have frequently been repeated by other scientists and, as far as the first generation is concerned, have been confirmed by E. W. MacBride and E. G. Boulenger, Secerov, Frisch, Przibram, and Dembowski. The spotted salamander becomes more yellow when living in a yellow environment (see illustration No. 1); in black environment, it becomes blacker (see illustration No. 2). This change of color is hardly interfered with if the animals to be placed in a yellow surrounding are as dark as possible, or if animals to be put in a black surrounding are as light as possible. The acquired characteristics are inherited by the progeny even if the progeny are kept in neutral surroundings or even in an environment the color of which is in contrast to the color of the animal. A decidedly strong accumulation of color will, as far as the progeny are concerned, result in an equal division, with the effect that the young of irregularly spotted parents are regularly striped.

Striped salamanders are also found at large. If these striped salamanders are crossed with spotted salamanders, all the young are spotted; but only one-fourth of the second generation are striped, in accordance with the Mendelian rule. If a spotted salamander is crossed with a striped salamander, which has been experimentally developed into the latter species, the young will be stripe-spotted; and in the second generation there will be no purely striped specimens. If the ovaries of spotted females are implanted into naturally striped females, in spite of this, the young will always be spotted. If the ovaries of spotted females are transplanted into artificially striped ones, the young of a *spotted* father are stripe-spotted, while the young of a *striped* father are purely striped.

Selection, as such, cannot be held responsible for the effect, because the specimens used for experimentation were chosen on the merit of being different. Those that were blackest had to develop into specimens that were yellowest; and, vice versa, the yellowest developed into the blackest. There has always been the opinion prevailing that the color of the environment, penetrating the body, influences the sex organs directly. That is to say, that the germ cells always acquire the color changes by themselves instead of acquiring them indirectly through their parents. According to Secerov, only one-sixth of one per cent of

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the light penetrates into the body of the salamander, and surely not light of those specific colors. Besides, the result shown after the ovaries have been transplanted proves that the color of the skin, under certain conditions, is the determining factor.

As this manifestation can be observed only on a striped female, which is an offspring of spotted parents, whereas a striped female whose parents were already striped does not produce such results, I felt that deducing from this observation and from the outcome of the crossing experiment, I had found a means to distinguish between an "old" and a real "new" characteristic, even though old and new resemble each other as far as the exterior is concerned. Only a newly acquired characteristic, thanks to the influence radiating from it, is in a position to change the germ plasm, while characteristics that were acquired long ago (that is, inherited characteristics) were changed in the distant past and do not have to be stimulated in the present, because the necessary tendency is inherent to the germ plasm anyway.

To depict this development more clearly, I might say that it resembles the way in which we get used to a certain irritation like that brought about by wearing a new garment. In time, the irritation becomes less and less, until finally it is not noticed any more.

The enumeration of the many objections raised and the ways and means to disprove them, proves how very difficult the whole question is in regard to the inheritance of the new. I made up my mind to cut this Gordian knot, not like Alexander the Great with a sword, but with a dissecting knife. I found a very fitting object in the sea squirt, *ascidian ciona intestinalis*, which, on the upper part of its cylindrical body shows two siphons: the larger an inhalent tube and the shorter an exhalent tube. The ocean water, loaded with nourishing particles, is sucked in uninterruptedly through the longer inhalent tube, and leaves the body through the shorter exhalent tube together with indigestible remnants. Below the opening of the inhalent tube, the digestive duct commences and leads down into the lower part of the body anchored to the bottom of the sea. It then shoots upward in the form of a U to the point where the exhalent tube branches off. In the coil of the intestine, at the central point of the U, the generative gland is situated, consisting of a hermaphrodite gland.

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If one cuts off those siphons, they will regenerate and will grow longer than they were before. If this process of cutting off the tubes is repeated several times, the sea squirt will finally develop elephantine, trunk-like siphons. The local intensified growth is passed on to the progeny which, without their tubes ever being cut, develop extremely long siphons.

In these animals with artificially lengthened siphons, we can, furthermore, combine with the amputation at the front another amputation at the hinder end. At that end, as said before, in the coils of the intestine lies the generative gland. We remove the whole of this part of the body and leave the front part to grow a new hind end and a new generative organ. The new generation produced by the new generative gland inherits the over-long siphons.

That fact alone, that the remaining upper part develops new germ plasm, nullifies the much acclaimed theory denying the inheritance of the new,—Weismann's opinion that germ plasm can always be derived from germ plasm only; that the body develops from the germ plasm, but never the germ plasm from the body. In the experiment just related, we had a body endowed with over-long siphons and with its original germ plasm removed. If the regenerated body, out of its own strength, develops the germ plasm necessary for a progeny endowed with over-long siphons, this tendency could not be inherent to the germ plasm since time immemorial, but was newly passed on from the body to the germ plasm. The inheritance of the new, of acquired individual characteristics, was brought about in this experiment by the body playing the part of the mediator on the basis of an organic connection between parents and offspring.

This finding justifies quite a number of results of foreign and my own research work within the realm of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. This onslaught shakes the foundations of a supposedly impenetrable wall of objections, ever and again raised against the contention of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. The same rules obtain in every manifestation of life, high and low, and even man is controlled by them.

What easily deludes us, when considering this subject, is that apparently the experience of the child must begin where that of the parents began, that the accumulation of knowledge is not

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brought into the world with the birth of the child, but must be acquired in each case by fresh effort. But the child *does* bring with it inclinations, gifts, disposition. Do not our children today learn to read and write more quickly than their grandparents did? Can they not, and must they not, absorb more? Do not many things come more easily to the son of the scholar than to the son of the peasant? Those are questions which our reason would like to answer in the affirmative,—questions for whose reply statistics are available, even though we must go to lower forms of life for experimentation, since, even if we dared, it would be impossible to use human beings for this purpose.

For decades we have been fed with negative proof that acquired characteristics are not hereditary. Negation is never sufficiently conclusive to halt research work. For this reason, I have continued my work unremittingly and, after more than twenty years, have accumulated material that may help to solve this most important question. It is an exceedingly important question, because on the solution to the problem of whether acquired characteristics are hereditary, depends the answer to another important question: Does true progress of humanity exist?

RICH MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF

MEDORA ADDISON

Rich man, beggar man, thief,
How we clutch at a glint of treasure,
Selling our silver dreams
For a handful of tinsel pleasure;

Hurrying through the world
With greed in our eyes to blind us;
Cramming our pockets full
Of the things we must leave behind us.

Lying straight in our graves
At the end of the road we must travel,
Rich man, beggar man, thief,
We shall grasp but a handful of gravel.

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CITIZENS OF HEAVEN

WITTER BYNNER

AN AMERICAN poet who has made a hobby of studying and translating Chinese poetry, comments upon our unaccountable lack of curiosity about the vast unexplored culture of the Orient. His remarks are prompted by the appearance of a new edition of Dr. Giles' History of Chinese Literature (D. Appleton Co.). Mr. Bynner finds that most translators make the mistake of attempting to give "exotic" versions of poems which are essentially simple, human, and direct in their appeal.

NOT many years ago, when I bought at the publishers' office a copy of Herbert A. Giles' *History of Chinese Literature*, they told me that I was one of apparently only two persons in America who were interested in the subject. Except for a slight stirring of the shelves by these two persons, the *History* had been lying stagnant, though it was then,—and, as far as I know, remains now,—the only volume of its kind in English. It was in fact "the first attempt made in any language, including Chinese, to produce a history of Chinese literature." Mr. Giles, in his Preface, has pointed out the tremendous extent of his field, "the voluminous character of a literature which was already in existence some six centuries before the Christian era," and he has offered his synopsis only as an introduction for the interested foreign student or amateur who may thence follow the example of Chinese scholars and men of letters in special study of this or that author or period.

By his modest claim, Mr. Giles might have disarmed criticism. Our debt to him as a pioneer has been so great that it seems ungracious to pick flaws. But familiarity breeds criticism. Partly due to his initial searchings, we of the West have become during the past decade fairly familiar with Chinese poetry of the best periods, some of us so familiar and so fond that Alfred Kreymborg can exclaim,

> "Italy's dead and dull, all Europe gray—
> Take down that silken copy—Li Tai Po—
> Open his drunken rivers; let them flow,
> And haul this junk the Occident away."

Interest in Chinese poetry has dated for me only from 1917, my first year in the Orient, and arose primarily from an interest

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in Chinese painting. The two arts there, in source, in expression, and in use, are so closely interwoven that if you touch one, you have touched the other. Sometimes a painting carries only a line from a poem, sometimes four lines, sometimes eight; but often a single five-character line is enough to reach the heart of any human being who finds in life as it is, the substance of poetry. I had soon found in these poems, as in the paintings, more than mere decorations. I had found poises of life. And so I came back from my first trip to China not only with a precious collection of paintings but, by the same token, with an eager resolve to have more of the poetry of China, to have more than any existent translation in English could give me. Nowhere had I found, professionally translated, the simple beauty which even a rickshaw-boy, in his limited English, could tap for me from an inscription on a painting.

What had it meant?—this lack in our literature, this loss to our letters! Had our translators been adding and subtracting, instead of translating? Did it only remain for them to multiply?

On my return from China, I was fortunate in meeting, as a fellow-member of the University of California faculty, Dr. Kiang Kang-hu, whose oral translations, from volumes of Chinese poetry, proved as poignant and human as the few that had been made for me, by the rickshaw-boy and others, from inscriptions. We decided to collaborate in translating entire a volume of T'ang poets, the most famous of Chinese anthologies.

On my second trip to China, I accompanied Dr. Kiang. This distinguished scholar, who had passed the rigorous examinations of the Imperial regime and been a professor at the Peking Government University, is now President of the Southern University at Shanghai; and the fact that no great effort was made to induce his return to California, after his year's leave, is one of the continual instances of American stupor, a stupor nowhere more evident than at our institutions of learning. Fatuous and complacent through the years, we have given our youngsters diplomas and decreed them literate, without perforce instructing them in the older and nobler half of the world's literature.

What does the casual student at an American University know of ancient and modern culture in India, China, Japan? Why have we always stopped short with Mediterranean and Nordic

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culture, leaving the Orient in our own outer darkness, with nothing much coming through to us but a glint of swarthy magic, a scent of tea and laundry-soap and a little breeze of fans? It was not until the fans began blowing whiffs of gunpowder from Japan that we awoke at all to Oriental culture. Here were results. Here were battleships and guns. What ho! Behind results like these, behind these terms that we could understand, there might be a culture worth noting. There might even be gospels to play with on Sundays.

Roughly, then, we owe our cultural awakening to the Japanese soldiery. Smoothly we owe it to various pioneers, like and unlike Professor Giles. Hitherto those of us who have wanted to look eastward have had to look through the eyes of our western merchants, missionaries, professors, and travelers. We have therefore had our information tinctured with percentage, Christianity, pedagogy, and lighter forms of ignorance.

Some of the ablest books on China have been so fundamentally prejudiced against Chinese culture that they were like able Mohammedan versions of Christ. After every *yes* there was a *but*. Fluent writers like Backhouse and Bland have gratified in China their preference for violent grandeur, their provincial conceptions of romance in imperial garb. Other prejudices and preferences equally provincial have appeared in the works of Arthur H. Smith, D.D., the Rev. J. MacGowan, and many others, including authors of guidebooks and commercial compilations.

Fortunately some of the later observers of China have approached an old civilization with less constraint: scientists like Bertrand Russell, free from racial bias; philosophers like John Dewey, free from religious bias; publicists like Gilbert Reid and Nathaniel Peffer, free from imperialistic bias. Listen to Dr. Reid, for instance ("Foreign Affairs," London, October, 1923): "If you say, 'China is full of discord,' I ask, 'Does not discord exist in Europe among all the nations?' If you say, 'The Chinese Government cannot meet its debts,' I ask, 'What country in Europe has the prospect within a century of paying off its indebtedness?' If you say, 'Sentiments of justice, high honor, and humanity are disappearing under the China Republic,' I ask in retort, 'Where in Europe do such qualities exist?' "

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These, each in his way exhibiting a new attitude, are fair-minded men. Their services, to the excited West and to the somewhat bewildered East, have been immeasurable. And yet likely to outlast even such services are those of the lovers of art who, after blind centuries, are finding in Chinese painting and poetry a light to lighten the Gentiles, a harmony of spirit and of expression too lovely, too human, too leavening, to be withheld forever from the world at large.

Professor Giles, exploring in an earlier generation, experienced a solid content in his discoveries, rather than an ardent and reverent delight. He explored with his head, rather than with his heart and bowels. He has been a scholarly gentleman, rather than a fond mortal. Hence he has brought from his Chinese adventures not a mountain-side of bamboo, but a library alcove. Considering his prodigious task, the vast range of material, and the numbing influence of Chinese commentators, he has proved himself, surprisingly, an architect of light. There are glimpses of sky above his book-racks,—not a mere Chinese sky, a world-sky. His approach, in other words, has been not only deeply laborious, but a bit lustrous.

Among many kindred volumes, Professor Giles has published his translations, *Chinese Poetry in English* and *Gems from Chinese Literature;* and "acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Gosse," he has devoted a large part of his *History* to his own translations.

It is here that I begin finding fault with Mr. Giles. His prose translations, competent and often distinguished, have an amiable dignity, graced with rhythm and wit; but when we consider his verse translations, we find him with a Spencerian pen, with a ponderous ingenuity, inscribing the names of Chinese poets to the album-English of his time.

Under Dr. Kiang's guidance, I have been for five years now studying poetry of the T'ang Dynasty, 600–900 A.D. I shall therefore consider especially, both in the *History* and in the two complementary volumes just mentioned, Giles' translations from the T'ang poets. From the point of view of a scholar, my five years are nothing; but combined with my quarter-century as a poet, they properly prompt my complaint against our pioneer.

Here, then, is a typical Giles translation of a four-line poem, Ch'ên T'ao's *A Song of Lung-hsi:*

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They swore the Huns should perish: they would die if needs
they must . . .
And now five thousand, sable-clad, have bit the Tartar dust.
Along the river-bank their bones lie scattered where they may,
But still their forms in dreams arise to fair ones far away.

The poem reads literally:

Swear sweep Huns not care self
Five thousand embroidery sable perish desert dust
Alas Wu-ting riverside bones
Still Spring chambers dream inside men.

I can not resist adding an English version given me in Peking by the late Dr. Ku Hung-ming. In what he called his "free translation," this old Chinese scholar proved to be more at ease with English verse than Dr. Giles has been:

They vowed to sweep the heathen hordes
From off their native soil or die:
Five thousand tasselled knights, sable-clad,
All dead now on the desert lie.
Alas! the white bones that bleach cold
Far off along the Wu-ting stream
Still come and go as living men
Home somewhere in the loved one's dream.

Since I have instanced elsewhere ("Asia," December, 1921) Giles' outrageous version of Liu Fang-p'ing's *A Sigh of Spring*, callously called *A Spinster*, let me quote here as a further example of almost the worst that can be done in the way,—literally in the way,—of translation, Giles' treatment of Liu Yü-hsi's *Spring Song*, wantonly called *The Odalisque:*

A gaily dressed damsel steps forth from her bower,
Bewailing the fate that forbids her to roam;
In the courtyard she counts up the buds on each flower,
While a dragon-fly flutters and sits on her comb.

Crushed here is the lovely hint that in her count she is forgetting herself. I risk our own closer translation for comparison:

In chosen robes she comes down from her chamber
Into her courtyard, enclosure of spring.
When she tries from the center to count her flowers,
On her hairpin of jade a dragon-fly poises.

When Giles interprets a poet like Han Yü, who was essentially a scholar, there is a more congenial result,—for instance, the famous satire:

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"Who know, speak not; who speak, know naught,"
Are words from Lao Tzu's lore.
What then becomes of Lao Tzu's own
Five thousand words and more?

Even here, I submit that an ordinarily sensitive ear would have preferred "not" to "naught" and "become" to "becomes"; and imagining an exigency of rhyme, I suspect "and more." Instead of cavilling at such insensibilities in a man who is obviously no lyrist, it would be more gracious to acknowledge such comparative simplicities as Hsieh Jung's *Musing:*

At eve, along the river bank,
The mist-crowned wavelets lure me on
To think how all antiquity
Has floated down the stream and gone!

Now and then there will be a thoroughly fine line, like

Noise is not in the market-place nor quiet on the hills.

Li Shê's *On Highwaymen*, and Han Yü's *Humanity*, have fared well at Giles' hands. On the whole, however, he has done the T'ang poets little service. His intention was proper; but the results are lamentable. He is not a Chinese nightingale, but a secretary-bird.

It may be objected that in 1901 he had no better translations to draw upon than his own. (Legge's *Chinese Classics*, from which he also quotes, are even heavier.) If the case rested there, we might say no more. We might acknowledge our debt to Giles as a pioneering scholar and respect his attempts to convey to us, with a scholar's painstaking effort, the poetic fruits of China. Unfortunately, Mr. Giles has seen fit to attack with acerbity intruders upon the poetic corner of his preempted field. Not long ago I saw from his pen, based on very minor charges of error, a sharp condemnation of the work of Arthur Waley. Waley, both from internal evidence and from hearsay, is somewhat more of a scholar than a poet; but he is enough of a poet to have drawn the general attention of English readers for the first time to the merits of Chinese poetry. Except for Waley and others like him, Giles' work would in all likelihood be still lying stagnant on the publishers' shelves, instead of being sent out clean and notable in a new edition. After this tart arrogance

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toward Waley, the reappearance of Giles' own translated poems in the present new edition justifies a bluntly critical estimate. More is due now than meek and grateful reverence toward a standard work newly raised from the dead. There were better translations to draw on this time than Giles' own. There are other citizens of heaven.

Cranmer-Byng, in his *Lute of Jade* and *Feast of Lanterns*, began, some years ago, attracting a small public to his Tennysonian versions. Taking the same sort of liberty with Chinese poetry that Gilbert Murray takes with Greek poetry, fearing apparently that people would not understand the clean simplicity of the originals, making free therefore to deck them with ribands, this translator has none the less done charmingly what he set out to do. So have Helen Waddell in her little book, and Ezra Pound in his, and Judith Gautier in French and Hans Heilman in German; each taking his own sort of liberty, and changing the Chinese to more or less un-Chinese proportions.

E. Powys Mathers, on the other hand, true though he may be to the poetic spirit of India, Siam, or Senegal, is utterly false to the dominant poetic spirit of China. He pours into his translations the expected incense, perfumed passion, and rich obliquity of the East; but when it comes to Chinese poems, the obliquity is all on the part of Mr. Mathers. I have noted in another journal, but cannot forbear noting again, the mistaken or deliberate excesses with which he lards a humorous little poem, Chu Ch'ing-yü's *A Song of the Palace*, which undoubtedly alludes to a feminine tell-tale. Here is our version of it:

> The palace-gate quietly encloses its flowers
> And the ladies file out to a bower of jade,
> Their lips abrim with imperial gossip
> Which they dare not utter because of a parrot.

Besides calling the poem *In the Harem*, Giles, as usual, quenches the point:

> It was the time of flowers, the gate was closed;
> Within an arbor's shade fair girls reposed.
> But though their hearts were full, they nothing said,
> Fearing the tell-tale parrot overhead.

But what beautiful rubbish Mr. Mathers makes of it, what pretentious orientalism, what mysterious verbiage!

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What rigorous calm! What almost holy silence!
All the doors are shut, and the beds of flowers are
giving out scent; discreetly, of course . . .
Two women that lean against each other, stand to the
balustrade of red marble on the edge of the terrace.
One of them wishes to speak, to confide to her friend the
secret sorrow that is agonizing her heart.
She throws an anxious glance at the motionless leaves, and
because of a paroquet with iridescent wings that perches
on a branch, she sighs and is silent.

A still newer edition of the *History of Chinese Literature*, though it should, of course, avoid this sort of thing from E. Powys Mathers or the dull translations of Charles Budd, Brian Brown, and Jordan Herbert Stabler, would be incalculably enriched if judicious and critical selection were made for it from some of the other translators I have mentioned, especially from Arthur Waley, and also from Shigeyoshi Obata's translations of Li Po and from the collaborative work of Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell. At least the impression would no longer be given that Chinese lyrics are for the most part either sententious or trifling and in both kinds rather flat. Mr. Giles might object that Arthur Waley misses much of the grace of the originals, that Obata smooths away some of their power and that Lowell overdresses their simplicity. It is true that Waley is a bit subdued to the grayness of the British Museum, that Lowell can not help stressing ornamental detail and that Obata, little as one might guess it from his text, is writing in a language which has not grown up directly with his own fibre and muscle. But each of these devotees has contributed a true quality to his undertaking: Waley a rugged homeliness, Lowell a rounded emphasis and Obata a quiet ease.

Due more to these later comers than to pioneers like Giles, a fairly wide public is already listening to the poets of China. I enter my own incidental testimony. One or two editors of our especially "literary" magazines wrote me some time ago that they doubted the appeal here of this "exotic" poetry. And yet, out of the three hundred T'ang poems in *The Jade Mountain*, the anthology I am working on, I have already seen more than two hundred appear in American and English magazines of every sort and description. There are signs all about that the T'ang masters are at last coming to the fore in the Western

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world, each in his own right. Waley has been specializing in Po Chu-yi, Obata in Li Po, Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell in Tu Fu, and Dr. Kiang and I in Wang Wêi, who is to me the most memorable genius of the whole golden period. A thousand years have not in the least estranged us from these friendly masters. Truth is that the T'ang poems are not nearly so "exotic" to normal human beings as are a great many of the seemingly popular latter-day poems which assume to express America or Britain or the present generation and which are given liberal leave for their quirks by the very editors who feared from the Chinese something too strange for our understanding.

T'ang poetry is so normal, so human, so simple, so universal in its content and essential appeal, that many an undersophisticated or oversophisticated Westerner can not see that it amounts to anything at all. It does not seem to him "poetic," because it is not, like a good deal of our own established poetry, exaggerated, theatrical, overladen, ornate—because, in fact, it is not "exotic." Apart from exceptions that only prove the rule, it is concerned at heart with affecting experiences common to mankind, rather than with affected experiences common to man more or less than kind; and through an art which is at the same time as invisible as the air we breathe and yet colors everything we see, it owns a distinction which Mr. Giles, for all his pioneer labors, has never even guessed. In short these poems are not poises of poetry but, as I said earlier, poises of life. The poise is Chinese. The life is ours.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

PROHIBITION

MISTAKE me not, reader. I am not thinking of the prohibition of liquor. One rarely *thinks* about liquor; one *feels*. Also, it is a dead issue. There are too many people who imagine there's nothing either right or wrong but drinking makes it so.

It is the principle of prohibition, rather, that occupies my mind. Morality depends on inhibitions; legislation on prohibitions. But morality is now in the discard. A forward-looking world is turning more and more to legislation, the modern substitute. For years our forebears talked about inalienable rights (quaint notion) and made the path of the millenium-seeker difficult. But nowadays only a few hopelessly antiquated people like Fabian Franklin and Agnes Repplier talk of our rights. A large number, to be sure, talk of our wrongs, but a great percentage of this number seem to be friendly to the fundamental principle of legislative prohibitions. If we got nothing else out of the conflict with Germany, we appear to have learned the deep implications of "verboten." Nor have we merely apprehended a great truth; rather, we have embraced it with the fresh ardor of converts. For the antiquated and really selfish desire to be saved, we have substituted the consuming passion to be forbidden. We have even written it into our Constitution: it has become a *right*.

It occurs to me, therefore, that this passion ought to be taken at the flood. The excellent principle of prohibition ought to be applied to activities even more pernicious than the manufacture, sale, and transportation of liquor. Take automobiles, for instance; test them by the same arguments that served us in the glorious campaign against rum. Indisputably they already kill more than John Barleycorn ever threatened to destroy. The money spent on them in a single day, I have computed, would feed,—but I do not mean to press the case against automobiles; I might be accused of a pedestrian prejudice.

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My animus, rather, is directed against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating ideas. In this case the arguments are even more irrefutable than in the case against liquor. For synthetic liquor never existed till necessity forced its invention, but artificial and substitute ideas, which cost a lot and make people go blind, flourish without excuse. People will drink in poisonous ideas with so little discrimination that only the most rigorous sort of prohibition can save the State.

Pray, do not suppose I jest. It is now plain sense, since we have by constitutional amendment abrogated the fantastic delusions of our forefathers (to protect the rights of minorities), it is now sweet consistency to step forward to further reforms.* If I jest, it is with bitter scorn that we should glow with pride over the prohibition of liquor (a minor virtue) while we leave intoxicating notions (a major vice) still unrestrained. We make, to be sure, a pathetic pretense of action,—in our timid censorship of the theatre and the movie-palace, and in our weak restraint of persons who openly foment conspiracy against the United States. Why not strike at the root of the matter? Why not prohibit preaching?

It would be tedious to rehearse now all the arguments in the case, but when leagues and legislators take the question up, we shall no doubt hear in detail pleadings strangely familiar. At times we may even have to rub our eyes to make sure that the question before the tribunal is preaching, not rum,—so familiar will the arguments be. We shall learn of families broken by intoxicating notions that inflame the passions, we shall hear of morals perverted, of dogmas subverted, of malice domestic and foreign levy,—all set in motion by the insidious poison of false prophets. The statistician will come to his own again. We shall meet the economic argument against preaching,—too obvious to need expansion. We shall hear also the humanitarian argument: pious souls will maintain that, as the prohibition of liquor,—I mean, of preaching,—will do unquestionable good, *any* violence to the Constitution or to antiquated theories of liberty is justifiable. We shall hear the other side, too. Plausible

*I make little of the possible comment of some future historian, noting the paradoxical position of a people who claim, in a constitution or bill of rights, the *right* to be *wronged;* but I ought in all fairness to confess that I fear the "distant thunder" of his chuckle.

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arguments will be put forward by the ecclesiastical "interests": we shall be told that many people, for years accustomed to their weekly sip of intoxicating notions, have a right to consideration; it will even be argued, as it was with liquor, that some people simply cannot get along without it; probably there will be a suggestion that sermons be limited to eight per cent,—I mean eight minutes. But the American people will know how to meet these insidious pleas dictated by self-interest.

Naturally no one will be foolish enough to attempt to prohibit listening. The league which will be formed to suppress preaching will have to rest content with an attack on the *sale* of intoxicating notions. That will, of course, leave a good many priests in the pulpit. Besides those few who

"Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche,"

there will be the Quakers, who take no pay for their wares; but it appears that they, having no dogmas to defend, rarely find it necessary to deal in inebriating fictions. Then there will be the large number whose preaching is no more intoxicating than soda-water. The economic argument will get them in time, but that lies outside the present discussion. In addition, there will be no doubt a good deal of sermon-bootlegging; there are some people who *will* preach even if they have to do it at great risk. An alert federal service, however, should find little difficulty in keeping them beyond the three-mile limit; and since most of them have at least the minor virtue of a lodg'd hate and certain loathing against rum, they may go far towards converting the liquor pirates from their evil ways.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the main arguments are identical with those against liquor: clear, irrefutable arguments, that could be made into a watertight syllogism. But it must not be supposed that the law will be easy to pass. We shall have to reckon with a large number of people who will still hold preachers in sentimental reverence. They understand these things better in Russia. Here it may take years to wean the public from its slavery to the pulpit, though the signs of the times are not without hope. Again, the funds which sustained the crusade against liquor were subscribed largely by devoted church-goers; we can hardly expect financial aid from them in an effort to prohibit preaching. Still, these objections must not

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be supposed in any way to invalidate the *logic* of the case against preaching; and, as for their obstructing the progress of beneficent legislation, they are not so formidable as they appear,—since we have already established the fundamental *principle of federal prohibitions*.

It is with some hesitation that I dismiss the subject thus. It is a cause which touches the heart as well as the head. I would fain strike an heroic note, suggest a slogan for the call to arms. I realize, of course, that in our enlightened age we must not give way to evil passions. So, instead of crying, as did the brutal, uncivilized pamphleteer of the eighteenth century, "Let us crucify the thieves!"—I feel that we should content ourselves with the gentler slogan: "Let us stop their mouths with dust—with legislative dust!"

PETRA, THE LOST CITY

MARY BORLAND

O rose-red city of the ancient days,
O ruby in the golden ring of years,
Where are thy hopes, thy glories and thy tears,
And where the race who trod thy shining ways?
Here on a festive night the lantern's rays
Were mirrored on the polished temple floor,
And flowers wreathed the columns at the door,
And prophets chanted here their solemn lays.
Asleep and dreaming long thy streets have lain,
Silent while peaceful centuries rolled by.
The jackal howled among thy columns tall,
The moon arose above the desolate plain
To silver splendidly each roof and wall,
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye.

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A SINGLE STAR MIND

HENRY VAN DYKE

WOODROW WILSON was a man whose central force in life was a conception of duty. This made him at times seem inflexible. But it kept him growing. He greatened with occasion, and rose splendidly to meet each new opportunity which he regarded as a new responsibility.

Being human,—very human,—it was inevitable that his judgment on points of policy should sometimes err. But about one thing there could be no mistake: he was always loyal, even at his own cost, to "the right as God gave him to see the right." He conceived of government as having a moral foundation, and this basis, for him, was none other than the rights of man given by God and therefore inalienable.

But to the declaration of independence he would have added a confession of interdependence. He felt in his heart and mind the arrival of a new epoch in which the democratic nations must swim together in mutual peace, or sink together into the barbarism of a new and awful military tyranny.

Wilson was not a bitter or unfair opponent. Some years ago conscience forced me to take the other side from him in a small academic conflict at Princeton. Frankly I told him so, and with equal frankness he said he was sorry but could not help it. The controversy was prolonged and had perhaps an exaggerated pungency. Our side won out. But during the whole skirmish there was no break in the personal relations between Wilson as President, and myself as a professor. Neither of us put the other into the "Ananias Club." Our friendship remained.

When he came out of academics into politics as candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey in 1910, it was my privilege (the first and for a time the only voice from Princeton) to welcome and support him as a new leader of Democracy,—a man with fresh and large ideas which would rejuvenate the party, and with courage to carry them through for the good of the State. The same thing occurred in 1912, when he was proposed a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

He was called, somewhat contemptuously, "an idealist." But

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he proved himself one of the most practical of men. What could have been more practical than his insistence that the Federal Reserve Bank law should be assured before any change was made in the Tariff? What more practical than his fearless support of the Selective Draft as essential to the successful prosecution of the war? What more triumphant than the way in which he led the whole country to "speak, think, and act together" (Speech of April 15, 1917), for victory?

He was a reserved man, but not cold. He was a resolute man, but he could compromise (as he did on the Versailles Treaty), for the sake of a vital principle like a League of Nations for the protection of world-peace. To this idea he clung. For it he laid down his life.

He once said of himself, humorously, "I have a single-track mind." But he did many things with extraordinary efficiency. It would seem to me more true to say that Wilson had a single star mind. That star is the hope of peace on earth.

THE VISIONARY

BASIL THOMPSON

Through night's moon-dusted maze to some bright dreamed-of dawn
Baffled and dazed and caught in the shadowy mesh of the still,
Sustained alone by that fixt and indomitable will
Bequeathed him by a martyred god, he plunges on and on,—
Blinded his eyes and his ears stopped and all his senses gone.

Himself both his creature and his creature's myrmidon,
He fastens to a fancy as a child to a dime balloon
Clutching the string that holds it against the draw of the moon,
Hoping to save and see the thing by the glow of a risen sun,
When the dawn that will never break breaks and the sought day is won.

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The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments—II

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

ALIX de MOUVERAY, a French girl of sixteen, has been sent by her mother, Madame Vervier, to spend a winter in England with the family of Captain Owen Bradley, a young English officer whom Alix's mother had befriended during his furloughs in France in the months preceding his death. She is met at Victoria by Owen's brother, Giles, and taken to a country house where she is welcomed by his gentle mother and his noisy sisters, and where she meets Toppie Westmacott, a pale, saint-like creature who cherishes the memory of Owen, her dead fiancé, with an almost morbid constancy.

To Giles, Alix has confessed that her mother was divorced by her father, who died when Alix was a child, and that this incident embittered the last days of her grandfather's life at Montarel. Giles, who has shown himself kind and sympathetic, is strangely reticent about her mother, and this gives a tinge of wonderment and even resentment to Alix's otherwse friendly feeling toward him. In the present installment, the reasons for Giles' reticence are revealed in a painful scene that marks a crisis in Alix's life. As Chapter V opens, Alix is seeing Toppie alone for the first time.

Chapter V

"TELL me everything; everything you remember," said Toppie. She was striding along over the heather, a gray woollen scarf tossed over her shoulder, a knitted cap drawn down closely over her ears, and she made Alix feel shy. She had seen that Toppie liked her, and she had foreseen that she would question her. But as she felt the pressure of Toppie's longing, she knew how little she could satisfy it.

"I think I remember him best of all as I first saw him," said Alix, searching her thoughts.

"Yes. As you first saw him. How did you first see him? He wrote to me often, from Cannes; so much about your mother; so much about you. He said you were the dearest little girl. I understand why he said it,—if you don't mind my saying so. But he couldn't tell me what I most wanted to know, could he? How he himself looked to you. What he said to you. How he seemed. You understand, I know, though you are so young, how one longs for everying that remains on earth of anyone one loves. People's memories, —they are precious. You understand that," said Toppie, and Alix felt that only by the pressure of her longing was she thus lifted above her natural reticence.

"Yes, I understand," said Alix. "We saw him first on the great road that runs above the sea. Maman and I were going up and he was coming down, so that we saw him tall against the sky; limping a little as he came. He looked at us, and we looked at him,—it is almost as if one recognized the people who are destined to be our friends. It had been a mutual impression. We talked of it afterwards. We saw him against the sky and he saw us against the sea; as if we had risen from it like people in a fairy-tale, he told us; and Maman laughed and said that people didn't rise from the sea carrying parasols. I remember so well the expression of his eyes,"—Alix felt still shyer, but she forced herself through the shyness,—"gay and searching, like a dog's; out-of-door eyes. He had field-glasses in his hand. And

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that very evening, at the Casino, a friend of Maman's brought him and introduced him to her. So it all began."

"Tall against the sky. Out-of-door eyes. Yes, I can see him. And with his bird-glasses. He would have been watching birds. . . . And then?"

"Then he came to see us every day. It was of birds we talked on the first day that he and I and Maman went for a walk. I knew them a little, but Maman is so much the Parisienne that she was very ignorant, and she laughed at us and said they were all much alike: small, gray silhouettes in the leaves."

"And then?" Toppie repeated, as Alix paused.

"He was still very lame, so that he could not play tennis, but he used to come with us and watch Maman play. She is one of the finest players at Cannes; did he tell you? It is beautiful to watch her. And he used to write his letters in the garden of our little villa,—it was lent us, that autumn, by friends. He must often have written you letters from the garden. And he and Maman sat there and read. He would read to her and she would correct his French, and she would read to him so that his ears might become accustomed to the correct accent. And sometimes it was I who read while he held, I remember, a skein of silk on his hands for Maman to wind to balls: lemon-colored silk for a little jacket she was knitting me. She is so clever with her fingers."

"Oh, she was so good to him! I know!" Toppie exclaimed, her eyes fixed on the distance. "I don't know what he would have done with himself if it hadn't been for her kindness. He found it such a dismal place until you came,—perhaps because it is supposed to be so gay; and that, in war-time, must have been dreadful. No shade, I remember he said; only sun and shadows."

"Yes, he found so much sun depressing, and that seemed very strange to us, for we love the sun. But there was real shade in our garden under the trees. The mimosa, too, was in bloom everywhere I remember, and I associate it so much with him."

"Mimosa? But that's a soulless flower. How strange that he should have been associated with that in any one's mind." Toppie seemed to be forcing herself to see and smell it, too. "I always think of Owen with daffodils. Our woods are full of them here in spring. Mimosa. Yes? What else? You all laughed together? Your mother is so gay. He was happy?"

"Very happy, I think. We all laughed a great deal. Maman is not what one would call a gay person; but she can make gaiety. He teased me a great deal. I have never cared for dolls, and he teased me about them. He said a girl must be made to care about dolls, and he bought dreadful little ones and hid them in my napkin at dinner or even under my pillow, where I found them at night. I used to rush down to the salon where he and Maman sat, and fling them at him. It was a happy time in spite of all the sadness. He was a happy person."

"Happy. Yes. A happy person," Toppie repeated. She turned her strange shining eyes on Alix. "He is happy now. He is here, you know. We are not parted. I feel him every day; always; near me. His happiness shines round me."

Alix was struck to dumbness. She felt afraid. Such thoughts were so alien to her that she even wondered if Toppie were quite sane.

Toppie went on. "You believe that, too, in your church, don't you? That the dead are near us; not shut into a hard golden heaven we can't reach; but quite near and caring."

"We have purgatory. But I am not *dévote*," said Alix after a moment.

"Purgatory? That's only a symbol, like the golden heaven. And those who have died, giving their lives for us, will not have to pass through such an intermediary state. You have never lost any one you loved?"

"No one except my poor grandfather. I always pray for the repose of his soul."

Toppie seemed to feel that she had drawn her young companion beyond her depth. She was silent for a moment, then asked, "Why do you say your poor grandfather? Was he unhappy?"

"I am afraid he was. Very unhappy."

"Oh, I am so sorry. You felt and shared it. I saw in your face at once, dear little Alix, that you had shared unhappiness. You are so young in one way; yet in another you are so grown up." Toppie's eyes mused on her for a moment. "Why was he unhappy?" she added gently.

"He had lost everything. Montarel,

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where the Mouverays have always lived, is sold now, and he knew before he died that it would be so. And he lost every one he loved, except me."

"But you and your mother were often with him?"

"Only I. He liked having me alone." To Giles, in the train, frankness had been possible. But Toppie was so different from Giles. She would not understand Maman being divorced as he had.

They had reached the Rectory and Alix was glad not only that they had passed away from Grandpère and his causes for unhappiness, but from Captain Owen, too. She would have been sorry to have had to answer questions about the Paris days when so much of the brightness had dropped from him. Her memories of Captain Owen in Paris were all tinged with sadness: perhaps because the war was so much nearer in Paris and his return to it so imminent. It was as if, in seeing him there with them for his short leaves, they had seen death always beside him.

"I hope you will be here when our roses are out," said Toppie, in the Rectory garden. Alix hoped she would be back with Maman long before the time of roses, but she said that she hoped so, too, and as they passed a window she caught a glimpse of a tall, bleached man sitting at a writing-table, very erect, austere, and absorbed,—like an eighteenth century print of D'Alembert, Diderot, or some such erudite wigged gentleman. "Yes, it's my father," said Toppie.

Alix stood still for a moment as they entered the drawing-room. It had everything of charm that the Bradleys' drawing-room lacked, except the charm of cheerfulness. The eighteenth century panelling was painted in dim green, and in the walls were deep niches filled with rows of old china. There were sedate chairs with backs and seats embroidered in green and dove-color, and the tea-table was placed as at the Bradleys'. But how different was this tea! No thick bread-and-butter; no loaves of cake; only a plate of little dry biscuits,—that Alix liked, however,—and another of bread-and-butter cut to a wafer-like thinness. And instead of the affectionate turmoil of Heathside was Toppie's sweet, chill voice and Mr. Westmacott's silence. He drank his tea, addressed a courteous question to Alix, and soon went away, back to his writing-table; but not, Alix felt, to do much of significance there. He had a tall head and a meditative eye; but there was something of the sheep in his appearance, too. If he had had the close, curled wig that went with his type, he would, Alix thought, have looked very like a silent, dignified sheep that may, in the meadow, as it looks at you, emit once or twice a formal baa. Toppie told her that he was writing a book on the Stoics.

"Are not Stoics the people who do not mind the things other people mind?" Alix inquired.

"They cared, perhaps, so much for some things that other things did not hurt," said Toppie smiling.

"Had the Stoics a *Bon Dieu* and a *Sainte Vierge* to console them?"

"Oh, no! no!—you very ignorant child!" Toppie was perforce smiling. "They lived very nobly without our faith to help them. In my church we do not have your beautiful *Sainte Vierge* to look to,—but we do have nuns in our church, like you."

"It is dreadful to be a nun!" Alix exclaimed. "I had an old great-aunt who was a nun. I was taken to see her in her convent in Lyon. She came to a *grille* and blessed me through it. She was like a sad old fish in an aquarium. It would be death to me, such a life. And you? Can you imagine it?"

"Perhaps not an order like that, that shuts one quite away," said Toppie. "But there are nursing and teaching orders. Yes, I can imagine it. Sometimes I think that the best life could be lived if one were quite free, with no close human ties. One could live better for God, and for humanity then. Not while I have my father; but if I were alone."

"No, no! Do not even imagine it!" Alix exclaimed, and there rose before her the memory of Giles' face as he had watched Toppie yesterday evening. "It is too dreadful. Far, far better marry and be out in the world."

"Perhaps." Toppie was smiling sadly at her. "But if all question of marrying is over, the situation alters. . . . See, Alix, I want you to look at this." She moved forward a fire-screen, a square of satin on a mahogany stand. "Are you interested in needlework? My mother

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embroidered this. She copied it from those old chair-backs. Her grandmother did those."

The screen, on a background of pearly satin, had two doves in a basket, entwined with laurel, and the chairs, in a softer, sadder key, repeated them.

"They are beautiful," said Alix. It seemed to her, as she looked at the gentle doves, that the dead, in Toppie's drawing-room, joined pale hands around her and whispered, "We are here." Toppie spoke of their remote unhappy lives, and Alix's sense of sadness deepened. An abyss seemed to lie between her and Toppie, an abyss that Toppie did not see and could not, perhaps, even imagine. She could not place Toppie against any of the backgrounds familiar to her. She could not see her in Maman's salon, unless as one of those dim evasive figures, the "Misses" of her childhood. It was sad to feel fond of some one and to feel that only here, among her doves, could their worlds touch at all.

It was growing dark, and Toppie lighted a little lantern for the walk across the common. They had gone half-way when they saw in the distance another lantern advancing towards them. "It is Giles,' said Toppie, pausing, so I will go back. I have some letters to finish for the post."

"But come to meet him. He will, I am sure, be glad of a word with you." Alix felt sure that it had been in the hope of a word with Toppie rather than to fetch herself that Giles had come.

"Oh, we have so many words,—every day, all our lives long," said Toppie, and, though she continued to advance, Alix felt a slight constraint in her voice. "He is a dear, is he not, Giles?" Toppie added, as if irrelevantly.

"Oh, a dear," said Alix. "I felt him that at once. And so good; and so intelligent." More intelligent than Captain Owen; more good,—was in her mind. But that made, she knew, no difference. People were not loved for their intelligence, or their goodness, either.

Giles was now within speaking distance, and by the light of their lantern Alix saw that his eyes were fixed upon Toppie with an indefinable expression: not alarm, not inquiry, but a steady watchfulness that, to her perception, controlled these feelings.

"I was afraid you'd run away with our young guest and came out to look for you," he said. "It's six o'clock."

"I didn't realize it was so late," said Toppie, and to Alix's ear the tone of her voice was altered. For all her familiarity, Toppie would never, she felt, have talked with any of the Bradleys as she had with her this afternoon. "We've talked and talked; haven't we, Alix. I must fly!"

"Well, we'll go back with you, then. It's late for you to be out alone."

"For me! On the Common! How absurd you are, Giles! Goodnight!"

Giles showed no grievance; some shade, rather, seemed lifted from him, and in a moment, as he and she walked on together, Alix divined that his anxiety had been lest she had said anything to hurt Toppie or revived memories that cut too deep. It had not been so much to see Toppie as to watch over her that he had come.

Chapter VI

Of all her new experiences Alix most enjoyed "The Messiah." The village choir was a feeble enough little affair, its energy concentrated in Giles' disciplined, sustaining baritone and the robust sopranos of Ruth, Rosemary, and the postmistress. The tenors were almost nonexistent, and the altos, among whom Alix was placed, terribly weak. But the doctor's daughter accompanied so accurately, and Mrs. Bradley, gentle and absorbed, conducted so carefully, that it was a pleasure to sing, and the grave, exultant music wove itself deeply into Alix's impressions of the new life.

The high school, to which she and Ruth and Rosemary bicycled every day, was like the *Lycée* in shape, as it were; but not in texture. The girls lived, she felt, in what they did, not in what they thought. They seemed to like her, but she felt that anybody else who could hold a hockey stick and tell the truth would have done just as well.

With the Christmas holidays Jack and Francis came home from school. Heathside seethed with noise, pets, and handicrafts. Giles, now demobilized, was preparing for his return to Oxford after Christmas. He went up and down to London a good deal, and she had the sensation of having lost him,—of being

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relegated by him to the family group. One day, however, he came into the dining-room while she was trying to write a letter on a corner of the table. It was only in the dining-room that a fire was lighted in the mornings, and Jack and Francis were carpentering at one end, while Ruth cut out blouses in the middle. It was difficult to try to tell Maman about "The Messiah" in such surroundings, and though she liked Jack and Francis she could not bring herself to like the white rat that ambled heavily about among the tools and crêpe de Chine.

"I say, that's not much of a place for letter-writing," Giles remarked. "Come to my study, Alix. I'm a favored person and have a gas fire going all morning."

The study was small, warm, and untidy. Under an ugly mantelpiece of carved oak was a bright little gas fire, looking like incandescent dried apples, and on the mantelpiece were ranged pipes and quite a menagerie of small animal ornaments which Alix guessed to be family presents.

"What a nice photograph of your mother!"

"You like my mother, don't you?"

"I like all your family," Alix replied, politely.

"I'm afraid they rather wear you out. You must take refuge here when they dash over you too much. I'll do my reading, and you can read or write or meditate, as you like."

So it was arranged, and as Alix took her place at the little writing-table he pulled forward for her, she noticed that there were many books along two sides of the room that more than atoned for the mantelpiece.

For the first mornings of her withdrawal there mingled with her sense of security an apprehension of the unsaid things that lay between her and Giles and that might still have to be said; but this grew less with every day. It became quite evident that Giles was going to say nothing. Perhaps, indeed, she had imagined something of the trouble and confusion she had felt in him at their first meeting.

She owed more than the peaceful mornings to him. He seemed to restore Maman to her. Now, at last, she could really tell Maman, with a mind composed, how surprised Mrs. Bradley had been at hearing that she wore a linen chemise next her skin and felt no need of wool. Some things, however, she did not tell her. She gave no account of Toppie's beliefs in regard to Captain Owen, and, a lesser matter, yet significant, she had never yet satisfied Maman as to the social status of her new friends.

Perhaps it was because Giles sat there his pipe between his teeth, his feet propped up against the mantelpiece, his hand, as he perused the tome upon his knees, raised now and then to rub his hair on end, that it seemed so irrelevant to write about such things. How funny Giles would have thought it if he had known that she sat there informing Maman that his family did not go *dans le monde* at all, in the sense that Maman meant by *le monde;* and that they were decidedly of the *bourgeoisie*. It was not that Maman was wrong in wanting to know, or that Giles would have been right in thinking that *le monde* didn't matter. It was simply that she did not care to write in that way to Maman about him and his family.

Maman, meanwhile, was evidently enjoying many *relations:* dancing, dining, playing tennis, entertaining her friends. There were important names in her letters, and Alix sometimes meditated a little over them. The important names, in the world of art and letters, were male and female; in the world of fashion, male only. It was the marquis and the prince, —but never the marquise and the princesse. But if one didn't know them too, could one be said to be *dans le vrai grand monde?* She knew how Maman's gay, sombre eyes would meet the question (not that it was one that Alix would ever dream of putting to her): *"Je suis du monde qui me plaît, ma cherie."* But Alix was not quite sure that this was true. She was not sure that Maman's indifference was as securely grounded as Giles'. Perhaps real indifference only came from reading so much Plato and Aristotle. Yet she herself, who did not read Plato, was indifferent. It was only in regard to Maman that she was not indifferent. Poor, beloved, beautiful Maman; and wronged, deeply wronged, Alix felt sure. Always, when she thought of her, her heart expanded in love and then contracted in anxiety.

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Judged by Maman's standards, the Bradleys were very undistinguished. Maman would have hated the bounteous, graceless meals. Alix could not see Maman at that breakfast table; but then there was no need to try to. Maman would never have come down at all to breakfast, and Alix could not really think of anything later in the day that she would have thought it worth while to come down to. A drive with Giles in the car, perhaps. She would have liked Giles. But as for the rest of the family, she would have found them only fit for the happy task of warming, feeding, and clothing her child.

Christmas was now close upon them and the house bubbled with happy secrets. Giles went up to London with his mother for a day's shopping and came back in the evening with parcels hanging from every finger, and she and Toppie had a wonderful day there, for Mrs. Bradley had given her pocket money to spend on presents and other funds had come from Maman, so that there was a real meaning for her in the long indecisions over crowded counters.

Alix usually went over to the Rectory to work at her presents with Toppie, and she almost felt the tears rise to her eyes when Toppie showed her the little frame of blue and silver she had embroidered for Maman enclosing a snapshot of Alix herself, standing at the edge of the wood with the dogs about her. She had not expected anyone to think of Maman. Maman, she knew, would not think of them. And then Christmas was different in France.

But Maman, all the same, remembered that it was specially kept in England. It was on Christmas day itself, and not on the *Nouvel An* as Alix had expected, that the long parcel brought over by a friend of Maman's arrived for her from Cannes. Already she had had more presents than ever before in her life. All the distributions took place at the breakfast table and Maman's parcel had not yet arrived when Alix unrolled from its tissue-paper Toppie's gift, and saw, in a tiny box of faded leather, the beautiful little old brooch, an emerald surrounded by pearls. It made her think at once of the doves and the laurel wreath and of Toppie's great grandmother,—of the past, brooded upon, never forgotten. She gazed at it in astonishment.

"I *say!*" Ruth exclaimed. They had all crowded round her to look. "She used to wear that. It belonged to some ancestress. She must be most awfully fond of you to give it to you, Alix."

Alix met Giles' eyes looking down at the brooch over their heads. She felt that she had gained in value for him from Toppie's fondness.

And it was after all this excitement that the post brought Maman's box and that the many wrappings disclosed the most exquisite of evening dresses: white taffeta, crisp, supple, silvery; girdled with small white roses and their green leaves. The little card pinned to the breast said: "*A ma chêrie lointaine.*"

"I never saw anything so lovely!" said Rosemary, and Alix felt a wave of warmth for Rosemary go through her.

"She made it herself, I am sure," said Alix.

Giles was looking at her again. His look was different. It was as if her pride in Maman touched him as much as Toppie's brooch had done.

"It's so much too pretty for anything you do here, isn't it, dear," said Mrs. Bradley. "I think we must have a little dance when Giles comes home for the Easter holidays, so that you can wear it. And you must go and see if you can persuade Toppie to say she'll come."

Alix saw how much Mrs. Bradley hoped that Toppie would consent, and Giles, his hands in his pockets, walked away to the window and looked out. "And how happy it would make Giles to see her in blue again," she thought.

They were all going for tea to the Rectory next day, but though it was stormy Alix put on her rain-coat and made her way across the Common that very afternoon. Seeing her from above, Toppie herself ran down to open the door.

"Oh, Toppie—the emerald!" Alix exclaimed while Toppie helped her strip off the streaming coat.

"And never have I seen a little box as beautiful as yours," said Toppie, leading her into the drawing-room. Alix had made for Toppie a little satin box and had carefully copied the doves in the laurel-wreathed basket upon it.

The fire was lighted in the drawing-room and in the soft obscurity Toppie with her high golden head looked like a tall white lighted *cièrge*.

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"Can you guess, Alix, what I have put in your box?" They were sitting on the sofa, side by side, and Toppie's eyes, sweet, austere, were on her. "His letters from France. All the letters about you and your mother."

Alix had guessed it from Toppie's look. "They just fit it," said Toppie, and leaning forward she kissed Alix lightly on the forehead. It felt a little to Alix as though the Virgin in the votive chapel had stooped down from her altar to kiss one. It was sweet; and it was also a little frightening.

"Now, Toppie," she said presently, "I have come about something very important. I had from Maman this morning the very dress to go with your brooch, and Mrs. Bradley says they will have a dance at Easter so that I can wear it. And what we all hope is that you will be there. You will come, will you not, Toppie?"

Toppie was looking at her with her cold sweet look and it did not alter as she smiled and said, "Of course I'll come; and sit with Mrs. Bradley and watch you all."

"But you would dance, Toppie? And wear pale blue? It is your color, they say, and I have only seen you in gray. You must be very lovely in blue."

"Must I?" Toppie still smiled and Alix had long since divined her to be invulnerable to praise. With the cold yet loving look she shook her head and said, "No; I won't dance."

"Oh, Toppie—no? Do you mean never?"

"Never," said Toppie.

"You can say that? When you are so young?"

"Some things are for one time and some things for another. That time is past. But I'll come to the dance, of course, and love seeing you all; and gray, really, has always been my color more than blue."

The talk came back to Christmas presents. "I had such nice presents from Ruth and Rosemary," said Alix. "Such patience it must take, to go down two whole stockings."

"Good girls," said Toppie. "And Giles gave you the writing case." Her voice in speaking of Giles was so much kinder than when he was there,—to be kept away. Alix always felt a little rise of indignation on Giles' account when she heard it. It was not as if Giles ever tried to draw near.

"Yes; a delightful one. I wrote to Maman with it this morning, when they were all at church. It is very happy for me, being there with Giles in his study."

"He told me that you were one of the very few people he could imagine having who wouldn't disturb him," said Toppie. "He said you were the most peaceful person."

"Giles is the kindest person in the world," Alix found herself saying quite suddenly.

Toppie looked at her. "Have you only just found that out?"

"No, I knew it from the first. But he is more than that," said Alix, feeling the inadequacy of the word. "He is good. Because he understands. Some people are only good because they don't."

Toppie nodded, grave and gentle. "You see things more clearly than most people, Alix. That is one of the reasons I am so fond of you."

"I don't see them as clearly as Giles does. It is his courage. The more there was to see, the more there was to bear, the more he would be standing there beside you." It was strange to her, as she spoke, to feel how deeply she knew all this about Giles. And she added, "And never would he ask for anything for himself, Toppie."

Toppie considered her, arrested, it was evident. "Have you and Giles talked a great deal?"

"No; we have talked very little."

Toppie continued to observe her. "You can't talk too much with him. He's a rock, Alix, and you can build on him."

"You too can build on him, Toppie."

Something changed in Toppie's look. It was withdrawal rather than reproof that Alix felt as Toppie said, "I have built on Giles for years. We have known each other for a very long time, you see, Alix."

Chapter VII

It was only a few days after Christmas that a dreadful thing happened to Alix,—the most dreadful thing that had ever happened to her.

They were all in the drawing-room after dinner,—all except Francis and Jack who had gone to bed,—Ruth writing, Rosemary altering a blouse, and Giles reading in his accustomed place. Alix sat beside

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Mrs. Bradley on the sofa, turned sideways while she held a skein of wool for her to wind, and she was never to forget the look of that heather-colored wool.

"Alix," said Mrs. Bradley suddenly, "How was it that Owen didn't see you when he went to Paris on leave? That one leave he had, in February last winter. You must have been away, I think, for he said nothing of you."

Alix sat there, holding up the wool, and even as she faced Mrs. Bradley thus, steadying eyes and lips and hands, she was aware, though she could only see him as a blurred form, that Giles, suddenly, was watching her.

Captain Owen's leave! His one leave! He had come to Paris three times in that last winter and the last had been in April, only a fortnight before his death. And he had never told his family! Why? Why? The clamor of her thoughts seemed so to fill her ears that it was like sinking in the sea. She had the sensation of drowning yet of keeping calm while she drowned, resourceful, even as she measured her calamity, and she heard her own voice speaking from far above her it seemed,—while beneath Mrs. Bradley's eyes, beneath Giles', her thoughts raced swiftly, swiftly: "Yes; we should of course have seen him, but we were away; we were away in the country at that time."

"At Cannes, I suppose," said Mrs. Bradley. "What a pity for Owen. How lonely he must have been. He hadn't time to come home, you see; only the two days."

"No; we were not at Cannes, we had gone to the sea in Normandy," said Alix. It was in her tradition that an emergency should find one resourceful, yet, had she had time for the reflection, her own swiftness in resource might now have surprised herself. "Maman has a little house on the coast that we sometimes go to, but that she usually lets. We went that time in February to put it in order for the spring."

"What a pity," Mrs. Bradley repeated sadly. "Or if only he had had time to go to you there."

"You may be sure that we wired at once and suggested it; but the time was too short," said Alix.

Now she was able, since Mrs. Bradley said no more, to come to the surface, alive and apparently uninjured, but to her own consciousness floating like a helpless, battered object. Something dreadful had happened to her; she knew that; and to Maman; and to them all. But she could not see it clearly. Only by degrees, as Mrs. Bradley wound her last loops of wool and said, "Thank you, dear," and her hands could fold again in her lap, did it come to her that the dreadful thing was something that Captain Owen had done; and most of all to Maman.

He had been with them, staying with them, three times, the cherished friend,—and he had never told his family. She sat there, very still, and tried to think why it could have been, and the picture that came to her was of Captain Owen sitting on one side of the fire in the little salon of the rue de Panthièvre; sitting as Giles now sat; looking across at Maman who, her finger in the pages of a half-closed book, returned his gaze with a strange sadness. And from this picture, lifting her eyes, she met Giles' fixed upon her and saw that Giles knew too.

She looked back at him. All she could do was to look. To pretend not to see that he knew, to look away while she pretended, would only be to reveal more glaringly to him her sense of their common misfortune. Giles, too, knew that Captain Owen had been with them in Paris; he would not have looked at her like that if he had not known,—with that dark and heavy look.

"Oh, I say!" groaned Rosemary, with a wide yawn of fatigue, "Why was I such a fool as to take out this sleeve! I'll never get it in properly again."

"I told you to cut it kimono shape," said Ruth. "Where's your house in Normandy, Alix? We were in Houlgate, years ago."

"It is at Vaudettes-sur-Mer."

"I never heard of Vaudettes-sur-Mer," said Ruth. "Is it pretty? Has it got a sandy beach?"

"No; it is *galets*, not sand,—not until the tide is low. And Vaudettes is up on the cliff. But the village is pretty."

Giles got up.

"Are you going to bed, dear?" Mrs. Bradley asked.

"No, I'm going to read in my room."

"How tired Giles looks," said Mrs. Bradley, when he had gone.

"He's working too hard," said Ruth.

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Alix felt that it was not his work. Giles too had had a blow; and he was angry with her,—darkly, heavily angry; why she could not tell. Only her heart swelled with a suffocating sense of resentment and of tears

She did not go to the study next morning. She had thought and thought in the night, and she saw now that if Giles knew something that she knew, he also knew something she did not know. She was afraid of Giles and his knowledge, afraid of what they might have to say to each other.

She did not go; but Giles came to her. She was curled up in her scarf on the sofa in the cold drawing-room. "Come, please," he said, "I want to talk to you."

As she faced him in the study, the gray January morning outside the window, the gas fire creaking in its dismal mirth in the grate, her anger went down. She was too sorry for Giles. If he looked at her thus sternly it was, she felt, more because he was suffering than because he was angry. He stood before her, his hands thrust deeply in his pockets, and what he said was, "Look here, Alix, were you lying last night?"

"Lying?" Could he have thought it possible that she was *not* lying? Could he have thought it possible that she did not know about Captain Owen's leaves? It flashed across her that if she could find another lie, now, for him, and say that she had not been lying, he might believe her. But, while she looked at him, feeling her face getting whiter and whiter, what strangely came to her was that she could not lie to Giles. It was better to share whatever pain there was to be shared with him than to be shut out, with her lie, in loneliness, if in safety. So, keeping her eyes on him, in a steady voice she said, "Yes, I was lying."

"Why?"

"How could I not?"

"How could you not! What in heaven's name do you mean? Have you no sense of truth?"

"Your mother did not know. Captain Owen never told your mother." Alix's voice was trembling, for she heard the emotion in his. "Would you have had me say to her, after he had kept silence, that he had been with us three times in Paris?"

Giles' expression altered. "Three times?"

"Yes. Three. Did you not know?"

"No," said Giles. "I didn't know that. I thought it was only once."

He stopped for a long time after saying this, and suddenly she saw the blood mounting to his face. He did not know what to say. Oh, poor Giles, what was this horrible perplexity that so darkened his good face when all that he had to tell her, when it finally came, was so simple? "I wasn't in the same part of the Front as he was. I didn't follow what he did. It was by chance that I saw him in Paris, that time in February. I had a leave, too, and I saw him there, walking in the Bois with your mother."

Giles had seen Maman! Alix felt herself grow dim with perplexity. She looked about her and sank down on a chair. "Did you not speak to them?"

"No." Giles stood there, helpless. "I thought they wanted to be alone."

"But Maman would so have wished to know you!"

Poor Giles. How overwhelming was his plight. Could shame for his brother's inexplicable duplicity, shame for his own strange silence that day in the Bois, account for such confusion? "Yes, I was afraid you were lying," he muttered.

"But you knew. Yet you kept it from your mother. It was for her sake I lied. What else could I do?"

"Do you often lie like that? I mean,—the house on the cliff; the *galet* beach; the telegram,—were they all invented?" Giles ignored the question of his complicity.

"Some were, and some not. We have the little house at Vaudettes. Of course we were not there then. I do not think I often lie."

Giles' eyes studied her. "And if you had spoken the truth last night,—the whole truth as you know it,—what would you have said?"

"But what I have said to you, Giles. Was it not better that I should lie to her than that she should know her son had been disloyal to her,—as well as to my mother?"

"To your mother?"

"Was it not a great wrong he did her, too?"

"How do you mean?" Giles' voice was short and sharp.

It came over her with a wave of old bitterness that this was an aspect of the

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question he had too much ignored. "Does my mother's dignity not count? It was as if he had something to hide in their friendship. That was to do her a great wrong. He owed Maman so much."

The memory of all the lonely young soldier owed Maman struck too deeply at her, and suddenly she felt her eyes fill with tears. For Giles, too, made part of the wrong to Maman. His silence had had its complicity. It was as if he, tacitly, had helped Captain Owen hide something of which he, too, was ashamed.

"I know, I know," Giles muttered. He saw her tears and was dreadfully troubled. "Of course she was most awfully good to him. I mean,—I can't imagine why he said nothing—"

But wasn't he lying now? The sharp tangle of her thoughts hurt her. She tried to keep herself from crying.

"Poor little kid!" broke irresistibly from Giles. He walked up and down behind her. She felt that he would have liked to kiss and comfort her as if she had been Ruth or Rosemary.

Turning away at last, he dropped into his chair before the fire, and for a long time they were both silent.

"Look here, Alix," he said finally, "I wasn't quite straight with you just now. I *can* imagine why Owen didn't tell us about those Paris leaves. And I think it best you should be able to imagine it too. It was because of Toppie."

"Toppie?" Alix echoed faintly.

Giles' back was turned to her as he sat before the fire. "Yes, Toppie. They were engaged. They loved each other. You've seen what Toppie feels about him now. He is her past and he is her present, —and her future too. Well, that's it. Can you imagine Toppie, while he was away in France, seeing as much of another man as Owen saw of your mother?"

Alix sat staring at the back of Giles' head. "Toppie was not alone, in a strange country."

"Yes, but why didn't he come home and see Toppie? He could have managed to get one leave for England, instead of three for Paris. . . . And put all that aside: the worst thing of all, the thing that would shatter Toppie's life if she could know it, is that he kept quiet about the last two leaves, and never wrote to us that he'd been with you for the first."

"You mean," said Alix, pressing her forehead on her hands and staring, now, down at the table, "that he cared most for Maman?"

"Doesn't it look like it?"

She tried to think. "He would have come back to Toppie after the war. He did not know, those times he came to us, that it was the end." The new, strange shapes of things Giles had set before her were mingling irrefutably with all her memories. And, trying to answer her own thoughts she went on, "Maman did not care most for him. His death was a great blow. But so many people care for Maman. He could have come back to Toppie; Maman would not have kept him."

When she had said this it was as if the silence between her and Giles was altered in its quality. He said nothing for so long a time that the echoes of her own words began to sing in her head like brazen bells. They were true words; yet they did not ring true. Long before Giles spoke she wished she had not said them.

"And you think," he said, "that Toppie would have cared to marry a man who hadn't been kept from marrying her?" How dreadful was Giles' voice. Dark and heavy, as his eyes had been last night.

"No, no, Giles. I do not mean that. It was of Maman I was thinking. You think of Toppie, and I think of Maman: the ones we love most. No, I see that she would not have married him."

"You *do* see, Alix. That's all I wanted. You see why he didn't tell us. He was my brother, and I was awfully fond of him. But he was wrong. And you have lied for our sakes, and we've profited by it; if it is profit. All I pray is that you'll never feel you have to lie, for anyone's sake, again. There. That's over." Giles got up and took his pipe from the mantelpiece. "And don't let me ever see you afraid to come in here in the morning. It made me feel quite queer to find you crouched away in the cold as if I'd been an ogre."

Giles dropped into his chair and took up Bergson. Alix did not take up her pen. The last thing she could think of doing that morning was to write to Maman. Her heart seemed to be trembling, and the picture that flashed, disappeared, and flashed again, was always that memory of Captain Owen's eyes as he gazed across at

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Maman from his place before the fire. "Giles," she said suddenly.

He put down his book at once. Perhaps his heart was trembling too.

"May I say one thing more?"

"All right."

"It is Maman, Giles. It is what you think of her. He cared for her most. But if you knew her you would understand; you would not blame her; perhaps you would not blame him so much."

Giles had turned in his chair and was looking at her over his shoulder, in deep astonishment. "I've never said a word against your mother, Alix."

"Oh, Giles, if you could only know her!" It was possible to speak like this to him now. His back was turned to her, and she leaned her forehead on her hands and looked down at the table while she went on: "Let me tell you what Maman makes me think of. A mountain torrent, —so swift, and dark, and clear, with such deep pools among the rocks, and such great leaps. I saw an eagle once when I was kneeling by a pool. As I looked down into the water, it was as if I looked down into the sky and there was an eagle, wheeling in the blue,—far, far below me. It gave me the strangest feeling,—like Maman sometimes. And her lovely small things: like the little pinks and campanulas that grow along the banks, and little *mèsanges* with bright blue heads, hanging upside down in the birches. There is no one like her. Every one else is still and dull beside her. Who could help loving her? Toppie would love her, I am sure. You would love her, too, Giles, if you knew her."

He had turned, while she spoke, and was looking at her. Lifting her head she met his eyes and saw how deeply she had touched him. But she saw that he was thinking of her and not of Maman. It was as if he were so sorry for her, and so fond of her, that he hardly knew what to say. And what he did say at last was: "You are rather like a mountain torrent yourself,—eagles and campanulas and all!"

"I? Oh no. I am one of the still ones, —and I never have great shattering leaps." She looked away from Giles as she saw further into her simile. "Let me tell you, Giles. When one loves her, that is what one fears for her: those great leaps down from the rocks. So splendid, so bright and splendid,—but so dangerous."

He stood there, leaning against the window. Never in her life had she so spoken to anybody. For no one but this young Englishman, so lately a stranger, could she have found such words. They rose up from her heart unbidden, and the impulse beneath them was the deepest impulse of her life. More than the child's love for its mother. There was in it a maternal love, watchful and succouring, for a creature cherished and in peril.

Giles came presently to her table and stood above her, moving the objects upon it, as if he could not find the words to use. At last he said, "You are right to love your mother. Never think I don't understand that."

"Perhaps we both love in the same way, Giles," said Alix, still not looking at him. "You think of Toppie,—and I think of Maman, perhaps in the same way."

Giles stood very still. Then he said gently, "I feel Toppie in danger; in dreadful danger of being hurt,—if that's what you mean."

"Yes, that is what I mean. And I can help you with Toppie. And perhaps, some day, if the time came, you would help me with Maman."

Giles had ceased to move the inkstand and candlesticks. He put his hands in his pockets. "What do you think of as her danger, Alix?"

Alix had to think. "Perhaps you see it, Giles," she suggested. "Is it something in her nature? Is it because she left my father? Perhaps you see the danger I can only fear. You give me that feeling sometimes."

"Yes, I see. Yes. You trust me with it all then?"

"I trust you with everything, Giles."

"You help me, and I'll help you if ever I get the chance. I'll not forget, Alix." He put out his hand as he said these words and Alix felt that their clasp was on a pact. Yet, as he turned from her and went back to his chair she had still the feeling that it was of her, not of Maman that he was thinking. It was as if he saw *her* in danger.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Dr. Prince Replies

In a debate on psychical phenomena in the February FORUM, *the editor of the American Society for Psychical Research presented two remarkable cases of what he diagnosed as telepathy and one of genuine spirit communication. His conclusions were rejected by Dr. Joseph Jastrow, professor of psychology in the University of Wisconsin, to whom Dr. Prince now replies. Our readers take part in a symposium on this subject, following Our Rostrum:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Professor Jastrow has much to say about logic, but his own is peculiar. He finds in the fact that most persons who seriously pursue psychical research become convinced that the "supernormal" exists, evidence that they are wrong and that those who won't study are right. He thinks that since some psychical researchers are less cautious than others and some who call themselves such are charlatans, they are all fools together, though this logic would annihilate his science of psychology, whose advocates are divided into exactly the same classes. After complimenting my critical abilities of which he has had "convincing evidence," he supposes me capable of uncritical blundering and credulity. Because I rule out testimony which is "spurious or too feebly evidential"—which is exactly what every judicial tribunal does—he thinks a presumption established that all the testimony is of the same quality, which logic would not only stop the proceedings of every court but would also produce the grim corollary that Professor Jastrow is in the same class with the psychological quacks whom he occasionally denounces. A large fraction of his "reply" attacks alleged facts which I did not mention and which he knows that I do not advocate. As well might I oppose some psychological contention of his by a diatribe against Christian Science and Yogism.

He makes me say that every advocate of an unusual claim is entitled to be met on his own ground, as if I thought that claimants that the earth is flat, and that the stars influence human affairs, were so entitled. What I say is that *after* a supposed "law of nature" is questioned by leaders in natural science, and a body of data in justification is on record, *then* all persons who will not examine the alleged facts and meet the specific arguments should keep still. Resort to the dogma that opponents are possessed by a "will to believe" is hysterical and irrelevant. Darwin probably had a will to believe, but his facts and his arguments were not answered by alleging it. Professor Jastrow desires it to be understood that whenever I report laborious investigations and the reasons for affirmative conclusions, I am dominated by a will to believe, and that his own persistent evasion of the facts and the arguments of his opponents is not evidence of a will to disbelieve. He promised to "explore the evidences of Mr. Prince's mental processes," and then simply paints an imaginary portrait of the man whom he had pronounced critical and qualified, as one

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suddenly become uncritical and blundering.

My article was entirely devoted to cases, two telepathy groups and one of purported spirit communication. My adversary answers these, respectively, in 15, 16, and 30 lines. Quick work! Let us see how he does it.

He meets my assertions in the West telepathy case with counter guesses which have exactly as much warrant as there would be for my guessing, if that could help me out of a difficulty, that he once stole a sheep. And he—or any other man—would not find it easy to prove that he had never done so. He meets my solemn declaration that not even my wife and daughter had been told the title of a poem, by the sage remark that "*we* exaggerate the 'privacy' of much that we regard as known to no one but ourselves." Perhaps the Professor does, but it is my business not to do so. Does he not see that any assertion of individual experience and observation which he could make might be discredited by the same process? He saw a particular man on such a date? But sometimes *we* undergo subjective experiences known as visual hallucinations. He can bring the man to prove it? So can I bring my wife and daughter to prove my assertion.

The West case is unpleasing to the Professor because her deliverances were not responses to conditions made by the experimenter. But the Murray case is exactly of this sort, yet he likes it no better. He admits that he cannot explain how the eminent Oxford professor did it, but is confident that "when properly approached," "the problem can be solved," or a "plausible conjecture" be made. Pity that no one of his opinion ever finds time to "properly approach" these abhorrent cases, and to "solve" the problem, or even to make a "plausible conjecture!"

The Spencer case is tomahawked still more summarily. The declaration of a conscientious, cool and critical woman that no living person but herself knew a set of odd names, backed by my declaration of psychological proofs that she was protected from divulging them unwittingly, are met, not by any attempt to show that my reasoning is bad, but simply by the assertion that "the medium evidently *did* know of them." And that's that.

Any factious objection which is made to a particular case for which I stand can be met by other cases. Many investigators of "the highly critical group" are at work by methods more exact than are usually in vogue in the psychological laboratory, and the tendency of such critical first-hand study, as the Professor admits, is toward conviction that the "supernormal" exists. And here and there stands a critic moved by some emotional complex to vocal disgust, who, while he will *not* experiment for himself nor fairly meet the evidence and arguments of those who do, yet expects his guesses to be accepted as "logic," and his nightmare fancies as to the mentality and methods of his opponents to be accepted as solutions of the problems involved.

WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE.

New York City.

An Outgrown Doctrine

An interesting postscript to our recent discussion of the Monroe Doctrine is provided by the Manager of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce in the Argentine, whose interpretation of Latin-American feeling, based on first hand observation, is given in the following letter:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Eight years ago I came to South America fresh from college imbued with the idea that Pan-Americanism was Allah and the Monroe Doctrine his prophet. I must confess, however, that as years passed by and I beat it about from pillar to post in intimate contact with all sorts and conditions of Latin Americans my faith has grown lukewarm. The Pan-American idea of creating closer friendships between all nations in the western hemisphere is a noble one, in the same way that the mission of increasing goodwill among men of all races and tribes is the noblest undertaking of governments and private citizens.

My lot in Latin America has been cast not so much with the high and mighty as with the average mortal: laborers, farmers, cattlemen, merchants, manufacturers, and professional men. A few of these

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know something about the Monroe Doctrine and Pan Americanism: some favor the idea, some distrust it; but the majority know little about it and care less. This much I know: Latin American Republics like Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, though recognizing that the Monroe Doctrine made it possible for them to get a start, believe that today the Doctrine is unnecessary and might be laid to rest with all honors since its purpose has already been served. Brazilians, Argentines, and Chileans feel capable of steering their own ships-of-state and bitterly resent the tutelage implied by the Doctrine.

All these countries are friendly to the United States but they are tied to Europe by much stronger bonds. Great Britain furnished the bulk of capital for their development; their culture is largely French; Spain, Italy, and Portugal furnished the majority of settlers, even though other European countries are strongly represented. Europe has been and is their best client for foodstuffs and raw materials without the sale of which these great Republics cannot prosper.

The above statement must not be interpreted as a disparagement of what the United States has done, since this is justly appreciated at its true worth. Conditions have changed since the outbreak of the War and readjustments are still being made, many of which are highly favorable to the increase of trade and goodwill between these Republics and the United States.

In stating the case so boldly I may incur the charge of being a bad patriot. It is generally recognized, however, that those who live abroad love their native land just as ardently as those who enjoy the blessing of remaining at home. To my way of thinking the Monroe Doctrine (let it be said with all due reverence) has outgrown its usefulness. Countries like children grow up: when they attain man's estate and are able to fend for themselves they are not so amenable to parental guidance. They are grateful for what their parents have done for them; they may cherish their old folks and respect their wishes out of love, but strict obedience is hardly to be expected when interests clash. Wise parents as a rule do not flout their authority in the faces of grown sons and daughters. The same garments that are suitable to a boy of ten ill-fit a young man of twenty-five.

The Monroe Doctrine may still be applicable to some of the smaller Latin American Republics but as for states like Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, it is a worn-out policy and the more it is talked about the more it rankles in the minds and hearts of the citizens of the larger Latin American countries. Born as it were of a high ideal it has served its purpose most efficiently. But I ask, would it not be better to let it die an honored death and thus permit the relations between the larger states of the Western Hemisphere to take their natural course?

M. T. MEADOWS.

Buenos Aires, Argentina.

College Publicity

Editor of THE FORUM:

Professor White's discussion of "Culture for Unwilling Students" in the January FORUM interested us greatly, especially the last paragraphs. He says that "the colleges think that because they get more students than they can handle they need not advertise their purposes. But there are not nearly enough students who go to college for what the colleges exist to give. The colleges should make a concerted effort to educate the public to appreciate the purposes of education." And also that the colleges "do not take the trouble to organize adequate publicity bureaus to take care of their advertising."

Now that is just what Smith College has done. Perhaps we should not make so bold as to say that the bureau is "adequate" but at least it exists and is working along exactly those lines and for exactly those purposes which Mr. White suggests. Our problem at present is to keep down our enrollment, not to increase it, but we are very eager to improve its quality, to attract here the kind of student who belongs here. The interesting thing about the matter is that it seems to be nearly as easy to induce the papers to accept,—not merely to accept, to buy, as news,—stories concerned with the academic activities of the college, with its faculty, and its curriculum, as those concerned with its more frivolous activities. There is an apparently genuine interest,

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for instance, in our Special Honors System under which a selected group of students are released, during their junior and senior years, from routine class attendance and permitted to do intensive work in some special field. We can place stories on that not only in the Boston "Transcript" and the "Christian Science Monitor" but in New York and Cleveland and Hartford and Nashville, Tennessee. We can write about new courses and the interest of the student body in international affairs and about the increased enrollment in the department of German, and always find an audience. We haven't been at it long enough to see the results in our freshman class, but it is encouraging to find that someone else thinks we are on the right road.

Concerted action on the part of the colleges is, as Mr. White suggests, undoubtedly what is needed. A short step in that direction was taken recently at a conference of college press bureaus held at Connecticut College for Women; publicity for academic activities as opposed to the lighter and less important sides of college life was one of the subjects discussed with the greatest interest. If other institutions of learning have light, theoretical or practical, to shed on the matter we should like very much to enter into communication with them.

SMITH COLLEGE PRESS BOARD.

Northampton, Mass.

Dogs and Idolatry

Editor of THE FORUM:

Reading Miss Agnes Repplier's article, "The Idolatrous Dog," has given me the intellectual pleasure that her brilliant pen always excites, and, at the same time, an emotional reaction which perhaps proves her point,—that people are unduly sentimental about dogs.

The feeling of love and sympathy between mankind and the dog must indeed be deepseated when one turns away from reading an article like this with a sense of repulsion that the thought of vivisection itself has never aroused. This, too, when the present writer has never owned nor cared particularly for any dog (being pronouncedly a cat-lover).

It is all too true, I fear,—man *does* love the dog, and this may be due, as Miss Repplier says, to the dog's deification of man. On the other hand, it may be due simply to the animal's cheeriness and great capacity for comradeship.

But, the point is that if we are going to bring the analysis of love to such a fine point as Miss Repplier would do, we can soon plausibly reduce the tenderest human emotions to a mere combination of egotism and animal instincts. Why for instance, does woman love man? Animal instinct and the desire to be maintained without effort. Why does man love woman? Animal instinct and the desire to have his egotism fed by maintaining a dependent. Why does a mother love her baby? Animal instinct, pure and simple. Why do we love God,—those of us who do? Because we are weak and lazy and want to lean upon something. And so on and on.

It may be all quite true, but can we afford to be so cynical at this stage of man's progress, when cynicism may be after all only the result of a sort of mental astigmatism, and not a clear-sighted view of things in their entirety? For the *accurate* analysis of so complex and mysterious a thing as love, surely a finer, more delicately sensitive equipment is required.

MARY LOUISE INMAN.

New York City.

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Spiritualism—For and Against

A Symposium

Many and divergent opinions on this subject, debated by Dr. W. F. Prince and Professor Joseph Jastrow in the February issue of The Forum, *culled from a multitude of letters to the Editor*

Unless the believers are more reticent than the unbelievers, those who are skeptical regarding spiritualistic phenomena far outnumber those who give it credence, to judge from the letters on this subject received by the Editor. These letters express all shades of opinion, ranging from absolute skepticism to unqualified belief, though of the latter there seem to be few. The majority avow themselves "open minded" and not a few treat the subject with frank levity.

The Skeptics

Brief and emphatic is Major General A. W. Greely of polar fame, who says: "I am eighty years old, and in my life I have neither had personally any supernatural intelligence revealed to me, nor have I heard any intimate friend claim that such intelligence has been revealed to him." Equally trenchant is Mr. Frank McGlynn, the well known actor. "I am a Roman Catholic and my belief is what that church teaches," he says, continuing: "I think that, in the vernacular of the street, there is a great deal of 'bunk' in connection with so-called spirit messages."

Many take the view that what are now considered by some to be supernormal manifestations admit of a normal explanation, among them, Dr. W. W. Campbell, President of the University of California, who thinks that: "Cases which are puzzling other observers, or are convincing other observers that there is such a thing as spirit communication will some day find their true explanation on the basis of phenomena which can be expressed in terms of everyday experience," and Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, Consulting Engineer, of Montclair, N. J., who declares that he has "never seen a case where the occult cannot be explained by means of ordinary science." Mr. Kendall Banning, Editor of "Popular Radio," has the "will to believe" but desires more convincing evidence than he has so far been shown. "It all comes to a matter of faith," he says, "—and I am afraid that I have not faith in the evidence that has so far been submitted to us." Another skeptic on scientific grounds is Congressman Henry R. Rathbone who believes "the idea of a world of spirits is illogical and contrary to the nature of the universe" as we know it. In substantiation of his stand he says: "There is nothing but change in the world as we know it, both material and spiritual, and therefore the idea of spirits divorced from the body, continuing in their nature the same, is contrary to all experience, and, to mind, incredible." Prof. J. S. Kingsley, biologist and author of biological works, regards the subject with a doubtful eye and quotes Huxley who said, in effect, that the subject had no interest for him (Huxley) and that from what he had learned of messages from the other world, their character was such that the only good that could be said of them was that they afforded an additional reason against committing suicide!"

Discriminating Spirits

Mr. Wilbur L. Cross, Editor of "The Yale Review," pithily records his experiences as follows: "Regretfully I must say that I cannot give you anything of interest on spirit communication. However, since boyhood I have from time to time been present at public séances merely out of curiosity. Occasionally there has been some spirit who wished to communicate with me, but as I was always unable to recognize him, he evidently withdrew in chagrin, and then the medium choked me off for a better subject."

Dean Puryear, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, frankly disavows faith in spirit communications and goes on to state it as his belief that "if it had been intended that the dead should have the power to communicate with the

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living, it would have been arranged in such wise as to leave the matter beyond the peradventure of a doubt."

Alice French, the author, of Davenport, Iowa, while she does not believe in spirit communications, thinks we have "through entirely credible testimony and experiments, pretty well established separate existence of soul and body; and the possibility of independent action of the soul," and goes on to say that as the last century witnessed many triumphs over supposedly "unconquerable physical obstacles" this century "may make equal conquests" in the sphere of the occult, adding: "We may not discover a trail of spiritual intercourse but in the quest we may discover other and great properties of the mind or the soul."

Sincere, but Self-Deluded

That the majority of believers in occult phenomena are thoroughly sincere but beguiled, by their own faith, into waiving proper proof, is the opinion of many of the Forum's correspondents. Mr. Allen B. Pond, the architect, of Chicago, Ill., writes an interesting and philosophical letter embodying this idea. After asserting his unbelief in spirit communication, he says: "The fact, if fact it be, that most of mankind has so believed does not convince me of the soundness of judgment of most of mankind. I take issue with your statement that our religions are built on supernatural revelations. I do not believe that there was ever a supernatural revelation. Our religions can be accounted for on quite other lines. I never had an experience that even dimly resembled spirit communication. I have friends, whom I respect for their character, who not only believe in the possibility of spirit communication, but believe that they have had communications from spirits. I do not doubt their sincerity; but I haven't the slightest confidence in the validity of the asserted experience. I think they are deluding themselves."

Dr. Bennet F. Davenport, Medico-Legal Expert, of Watertown, Mass., holds the same opinion. "That there were relatively so few cases among the many purporting to be instances of spirit communication in which Dr. W. F. Prince was not able during his eighteen years of investigation to prove to be frauds," he says, "to my mind induces a very strong suspicion that these few were frauds also, or else delusions, only not yet actually proven so. I am decidedly inclined to Professor Jastrow's opinion." In closing the Doctor says: "The usual triviality of purported communications received from men wise in their day, even the 'pet names given her husband by a wife,' indicate a decided deterioration of mentality in the spirit world, the contrary of our fond expectations."

J. B. McDonald, retired Brigadier General in the U. S. Army, allies himself with Professor Jastrow, while stating that he had tried to believe "because of my consuming desire to hear from spirits dear to me." He says: "One can work oneself into such a frenzied state of mind that auto-suggestion supplies the message and even the sound desired. The fact that our religion is so full of examples furnishes the precedent necessary to convince such minds."

And we have testimony from one who is an entire skeptic despite personal experience of occult phenomena, Mr. Clifford Howard, the author, of Los Angeles, Calif., who writes: "As a child and even as a grown boy I received "spirit communications" (not through a medium, but directly) I saw and talked with returned personalities of the dead, and I had remarkable premonitions that were fulfilled. Later, as an active member of the Washington, D. C. branch of the American Society for Psychical Research, I had ample opportunity for study at first hand of all of the host of familiar phenomena associated with investigations of this kind. But aside from the trickery, both conscious and unconscious, that characterizes so much of this business, I saw nothing and experienced nothing that was not reducible to a rational, material explanation. And right here it may be worth while to note, that others who shared the same experiences with me in this research work were convinced that these experiences demonstrated the existence of spirits or of some occult, supernormal force."

From Mr. Edward S. Morse, zoologist and author of books on zoology, come some interesting and cogent thoughts: "The question must of necessity be based on a belief in a hereafter, of a spirit of

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man that survives and consequently a belief in a traditional heaven. A further inquiry must be made as to when the spirit in man first appeared. Did the Neanderthal man or the more ancient Java man have a spirit to be preserved eternally? Did the higher apes possess such a spirit? When in the line of descent did it first appear? Did a supreme intelligence implant it in some organic structure at a certain moment of its development? When in the long line of evolution from the lowest monad to the highest mammal did the immortality phase begin? Did an allwise Creator have this spiritual stuff in illimitable masses out of which he clipped a portion for certain bodies when they reached the proper state of development? The belief in such conditions is absolutely unthinkable. If there is an immortality for one it would be a gross injustice to deny its existence for all organic bodies,—plant as well as animal." Mr. Morse's explanation of the credulity of the human mind generally, in the face of apparently supernormal phenomena, is also interesting: "I think a fair explanation of this attitude of the human mind, which always excites more wonder in a rational being than do the séances of cunning mediums, is that we have clearly before us the evidences of survival. From a time when al believed in omens, portents, dreams, warnings, etc., what wonder that a sufficient number of molecules have been transmitted whose potency overrides common sense."

A long and very interesting, though not altogether relevant letter comes from an eminent educationalist who does not wish her name divulged. She says: "At the heart of everything I do, behind all thoughts and activities is a thrilling sense of an unseen life or world; I feel very often on the very edge of some great revelation. I feel that if I could once make my mind a complete vacuum something would come to me that I am waiting for. To believe in messages from another world one must believe in life after death and perhaps further, believe in eternity." She believes that eternity would be none too long for some to "complete their wish to grow" but as for many others, she can see "no need for more life to waste than they now have. . . . I am always indignant when 'good' people talk of going to heaven . . . rather I feel that really good people should all elect and indeed demand to go to Hell, and there clean it up." She does not think mischief-making spirits ought to be encouraged: "We have enough of an immigrant problem without having to consider these ghosties that cannot go on and so return, undesirable aliens."

Others, unconvinced, who still assert their open-mindedness, are: Milledge L. Bonham, Jr., Professor of History at Hamilton College; Dean Barus, of Brown University; Mr. Arthur P. Butler, Associate Principal and Head Master of the Morristown School; Professor E. S. Sheldon, author of works on philology; and Mrs. Philander P. Claxton, of Mobile, Ala., who cannot believe that "reputable men like Lodge, Doyle, Flammarion and others would deliberately falsify" and counsels tolerance.

The Believers

There are few among the believers who do not make some reservations in their belief. Miss Marguerite L. Glentworth, the authoress, of New York City, says: "When I was a child, Professor Hyslop said I had the sixth sense fully developed, which undoubtedly may account in a large degree for the fact that an 'inner consciousness' frequently tells me of coming events,—or if I hold a sealed letter in my hand for a brief moment, I can usually describe the writer's characteristics and their frame of mind when writing, if not the general contents of the letter. Of course I realize that is not spirit communication, but what is it?" Yet Miss Glentworth cannot quite "accept all the statements as true in his (Sir Oliver Lodge) book *Raymond*. I felt the same way about *Thy Son Liveth*."

Of those who give credence to psychic phenomena, only one or two seem to believe in apparitions, which seems to indicate that the atmosphere of America is not so healthy for ghosts as the older world, which abounds in haunted spots. Nevertheless, Miss Glentworth confesses to have had "several manifestations of persons who have been out of the world many years,—and seen them so clearly that I described peculiarities of their expression and articles of jewelry I had never seen or heard about." She tells of

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seeing her great-grandmother as well as the father of an intimate friend.

Mr. George J. Murdock, the author of many valuable inventions of an electrical nature, who specializes in engineering research, displays scant faith in mediums, but details an experience of his own: "That evidences of the return of the ethereal forms of those we have loved may under certain conditions be mentally visualized, I firmly believe, and it has happened in my own experience under circumstances that rendered unbelief impossible. In this particular case the return was voluntary and entirely unexpected by me. After the first appearance they continued every night for about a week, the interval then gradually lengthened until there was no further manifestation nor has there been any for more than ten years. The appearance, that of a white-robed figure, was always the same, with a perfect understanding between us, but never an attempt to utter a word, nor any seeming connection with a physical existence."

Three more interesting experiences come to us, one from Edward H. Plummer, retired Brigadier General in the U. S. Army, who tells how he was aided by what seemed to be a spirit message, mentally given, to find a paper he was seeking; Mrs. Cornelia Mather Nicholl gives a mind-reading experience that impressed her late husband, Horace Wadham Nicholl,—the mind reader picking from a number of slips of paper on which names had been written, the paper bearing the name of the person in which Mr. Nicholl was most interested,—Mrs. Nicholl,—although he was unacquainted with either of them; and, lastly, Mr. Herbert Welsh, of the B. and S. of Our Saviour, Philadelphia, tells how he was impelled by what seemed to be a voice from the spirit world, to seek out and give the "Message of Christ" to a strange woman he passed on the street and who, on his obeying the command, turned out to be a Jewess. Mr. Welsh informs us that much good resulted from his heeding this Voice.

Belief on Religious Grounds

Many people find absolute proof of spirit communication in the Scriptures, though W. J. Maxwell, a retired Naval Officer with a distinguished record to his credit, says: "since God sent his son to redeem humanity the need for Angel Messengers of olden time is not so great." He thinks we need go no further than the Scriptures for absolute proof of spiritualism and further avers "that God permits, in the fulfillment of His Divine Plan, evil spirits to communicate with people in this world, I doubt not for a moment." Says Mr. H. B. Hearn, President of the Shreveport Railways Company, of Louisiana, "I am a member of the Episcopal Church and therefore believe in the communion of spirits. But I do not believe that there is any recognizable message passing between the dead and the living. I have had no such experience." Paul Bakewell, Dean of the St. Louis University of Law, a Catholic who asserts his faith in the Bible, says 'I believe that angels are pure spirits" and goes on to remind us of instances where angels appeared to mortals, concluding, however, that "a lot of 'rot' has appeared in print of late about alleged 'spirit communication,' and in that 'rot' I do not believe at all."

Mr. Horace Mather Lippincott, the author, of Philadelphia, Pa., is emphatic in his disagreement with Professor Jastrow, also on religious grounds: "I am familiar with much that Professor Jastrow has written upon the subject and disagree with most of it. If he is consistent he must of course deny the whole recorded history of his race as we find it in the Old Testament or else the human race has changed entirely since that time, which is ridiculous." Mr. Frank Hardy Lane, of Chula Vista, California, thinks "the communication of spirits is hard for the non-elect to understand," adding that he is "not one of the glorious company."

One Who Knows

From S. Adolphus Knopf, M.D., a specialist in tuberculosis, whose works on the subject are both extensive and valuable, comes a pamphlet containing an article published originally in the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research. Dr. Knopf wishes to be identified as "not a believer, but one who feels that he knows." One of the most provocative of Dr. Knopf's theories is that on "child prodigies," erroneously, in his opinion, called "freaks." The eminent Doctor continues: "Should we not accept

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the more rational explanation that the brain of the child is controlled by an outside entity, that is to say, a discarnate spirit which had attained in its earthly career particular efficiency in the subject which makes the child a prodigy?" Dr. Knopf thinks that the investigator of psychic phenomena should "approach the subject with profound reverence, deep earnestness, and with an ardent desire to be of service."

A very sensible and tolerant letter comes from Mr. T. H. MacQueary, of St. Louis. He holds that the mechanistic theory of mind is false and rejects "on purely scientific grounds, the claim that death destroys the human spirit or mind. He thinks automatic writing "well established" but does not give credence to all the claims of spiritualists. In summing up, he says: "The skeptics, I fear, are quite as prejudiced in their way as the advocates of spirit communication. If one class of investigators are influenced by the 'will to believe' the others are blinded by a determination *not* to believe, even though real scientific evidence be adduced . . . After all, Mr. Editor, what is truth on this important question? . . . Neither the skeptical psychologist nor the spiritualist has a satisfactory answer and no one may dogmatise on the subject."

A similar view is held by a doctor of philosophy, who does not wish his name used. "I have had no personal experience of spirit communication," he says, "but as between Walter Prince and Jastrow I bet on Prince, in whom the 'will to believe' appears to me to be much less in evidence as a bias than the will not to believe in his controversial opponent."

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher.*

Bishop Lawrence's Book

It is hard to find cool-headed readers of religious books nowadays. You might think, from the way people talk, that Bishop Lawrence had written a dissertation solely on the Virgin Birth. Yet, as a matter of fact, his little book, FIFTY YEARS (Houghton Mifflin, $1.00), discusses the doctrine of the Virgin Birth only as an illustration of a larger point, itself an illustration in turn of the main subject. The chief purpose of the book is to show that in the course of the past fifty years views concerning many important things have undergone astonishing changes, but that these changes though they may cause us to regard as unessential matters which once seemed essential, need in no way lessen our adherence to what is really vital,—should in fact, if we do not mistake prejudices for principles, increase both reverence and faith.

To make the point clear, the Bishop, talking to the people of his diocese, tells the story of the changes in his own views during fifty years of ministry. Then by way of illustration, he makes an important distinction between faith and mere expressions of faith,—so important, he evidently thinks, that he says it twice. He should have said it three times, for the brethren have passed it by in favor of one of his several illustrations of it. In this illustration he calls attention to the difference between belief in the human-divine nature of Jesus, a matter of faith, and belief in the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, a matter of one rather inadequate way of expressing such faith.

But though this is purely an example, one among many, the radicals have mistaken him for their champion, and the conservatives have viewed him with grave concern. It is a pity that the book should be thus treated as fuel to a rather foolish bonfire. It is perhaps liberal, in a broad sense, but it is really not a controversial book; rather, it is a clear and temperate statement of experience, the effort of a man who has "seen and known" to show that faith is deeper than phrases.

The difficulty for some of the brethren evidently is that such a view takes away the prop on which their whole structure leans. To such the Bishop would probably say, as George Fox did to William Penn, when the young convert asked if he might continue to wear his sword: "Wear thy sword as long as thou *canst*." But to refuse the issue, to prefer *abracadabra* to honest thought, would be to join hands with those who would safeguard a body of dogma at any cost; it would amount to denying the main virtue of Protestantism.

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For the essential forces of Protestantism are centrifugal, not centripetal. Signs of honest divergence are signs of health.

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Milton, Mass.

Pirandello's Plays

A new volume of plays by Luigi Pirandello, translated by Arthur Livingston, brings still more proof of this Sicilian author's unchanging power for dramatizing a purely metaphysical situation.

EACH IN HIS OWN WAY (Dutton, $3.50), which gives the volume its title, is really a complement to *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Externally, one is the drama of the writing of a play; the other, the drama of the production of a play. This new work is really a play within a play with a real audience looking at an audience which is in turn looking at *Each in His Own Way*. A woman in the audience, recognizing herself portrayed on the stage, rushes into the play,—which of course can no longer exist! Another Pirandello touch lies in the contradictions of individual conduct. Two characters quarrel because of different opinions of a woman. They meet only to discover that each has reached the very viewpoint he opposed before. And the woman, changing from one estimate to the other, discovers that she has not been motivated as either believed nor as she believed herself to be.

The Pleasure of Honesty is technically, if one may use such a term in connection with the great tradition demolisher, Pirandello's nearest approach to perfection. At least its action sweeps on with fewer complexities to a definite conclusion. Honesty is real and the reality of honesty is established in its revelation of the dishonesty of "respectability," which regards honesty as an illusion.

In *Naked* Pirandello has delineated one of the most poignant figures in his huge gallery of tormented human beings. A young girl, longing to be "somebody," struggles from the depths of society where life has placed her, to create for herself a definite individuality. But she is swept from each mooring, on to the sea of nothingness. Stripped of the fictions in which she has clothed herself she dies naked—nobody. Throughout this drama, with its tragedy of elusive reality, we hear the cry of terror, blended with ironic laughter, that echoes through every Pirandello play. But above all we hear a deep note of pathos, a clear call for tolerance. No careful reader could lay aside this volume without realizing that here is constructive rather than destructive pessimism. Pirandello stirs our sympathies as well as our thoughts.

ALICE ROHE.

New York City.

Are You a Turnip?

An American recently interrogated a prominent English educator as follows: "About how much do you think the average man knows when he graduates from one of your universities?" The reply was unexpected: "Average man? We pay no attention to the average man; we are interested only in the man above the average." This conversation comes not unnaturally to mind when we notice the title of a book written expressly for the "inarticulate majority," and by an Englishman at that. Certainly there remains at least one of that aristocratic race who so rejoices in his own confessed mediocrity that he ventures to discourse informally on commonplace topics for the benefit of other like-minded if less confidential folk. (SOME CONFESSIONS OF AN AVERAGE MAN, by Richard King. Small, Maynard, $2.00.)

Unfortunately,—if he be courting literary praise,—Mr. King has chosen to express himself through the medium of the essay; and who can seriously pass judgment on the essay without perhaps a glance back at those who have made it famous—Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, R. L. S., Emerson? Christopher Morley and L. Pearsall Smith, among others, have today given it a popular turn, and so we may perchance be excused if we steal a furtive look at the *Shandygaff* and *Trivia* on our bookshelves, as we take up the later volume. If we should stoop to a comparison, Mr. King would certainly suffer. But we refrain, remembering that such a method is oftentimes beside the point.

A mildly cynical and misanthropic note runs through Mr. King's philosophy. He

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feels such contempt for the "human turnip" that he is apt to see its signal qualities in the other vegetables that grow in the selfsame garden. However, a few rays of "pagan sunshine" if focussed directly on this half-buried "root" will, Mr. King feels, cause it, Burbank-like, to emerge from the mire and burst into bloom, along with its more distingusihed neighbors. This is Mr. King's panacea: dig away the imprisoning soil of years and circumstance and let in the light. These reflections on life, coming from one obviously awake to beauty and thrilled at the great adventure of living, contain a special "prescription" for every variety of turnip in this human garden, and for good measure one or two are included for him who sees himself as a peach-tree in full flower.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

Lummox

One has the memory of large white eggish toes and a dumb desire for utterance after reading Fannie Hurst's LUMMOX (Harpers, $2.00), which, of course, is just as it was intended. As out of earth grow flowers, so from Bertha, the lummox, grew the musician. One is impressed with the aching absence of all that Bertha desires, —a soul of delicate beauty and sensitiveness hidden away in a body of white compelling flesh. The earthiness of the lummox is overpowering—too emphatic—but that is what a lummox signifies.

It isn't a good book, nor is it bad. Books of nowadays seem to be neither. As one digs in the garden and studies the earth of his farmland so one reads *Lummox*. It is an understanding book, a slice of many a woman's life, and the press of recent months has contributed numberless "women with the hoe" to literature's army of toilers. *Druida* and *My Antonia*, with the struggling horde of new immigrants introduced by Anzia Yezierska, are vivisections of the peasant woman's life, the flesh still quivering.

The symbolism of the magnolia in *Lummox* is unusually apt. Heavy fragrance, thick petals of white velvet smoothness,—the flower most emblematic of desire. That is Bertha. And yet one sees the black smutty limbs; one hears the click of the metallic leaves; and one knows that the bruised blossom is brown and sends forth no fragrance. Herein, as somewhere in all metaphors, the similarity fails. For Bertha's soul expands as she is crushed; as life grinds her down the inner woman appears and triumphs. Still, no matter what the state of the blossom, the magnolia tree is magnificent in its height, its protecting shade, its many places for children to make play houses,—and its ever growing upward. So with Bertha.

NANCY TELFAIR.

Columbus, Ga.

Explaining Chehov

No one familiar with the peculiar charm of Chehov's literary work can fail to appreciate this excellent study, its analyses and comparisons. (ANTON CHEHOV, by William Gerhardi, Duffield, $2.00.) Like a skilful anatomist demonstrating the marvelousness of the human skeleton, Mr. Gerhardi proceeds to lay bare to us the substructure of this Russian author's mind. But he begins delicately, telling us that "one of the chief delights of reading Chehov is the discovery that our vaguely apprehended, half-suspected thoughts concerning the fluidness, complexity, and elusiveness of life have been confirmed articulately and in print." He points out that the sincerity of Russian books strikes forcibly on English readers, who are accustomed to having life's apparent trivialities passed over. The older novelists, he says, "reported life not as it was really lived, but as they thought it should be lived, or as they thought that others thought life was, or should be, lived."

Mr. Gerhardi's long residence in Russia places him in an advantageous position as a critic; his knowledge of its language and literature enables him to wash away the dross and show the gold beneath. He quotes liberally from Chehov's works, his letters and note-books. He indicates that Chehov's short stories are apparently fragments, roughly hewn from the rock of life,—unpolished often, for he had not time to use the sandstone buffer or the chisel. Refuting the statement that Chehov is pessimist or optimist, he yet admits that he is a skeptic and something of a philosopher, metaphysically inclined.

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To combat the idea that Chehov is a pessimist, he selects passages from his writings, placing them side by side with others from the works of H. G. Wells, demonstrating their similarity of belief in the ultimate greatness of Man's destiny and that such faith is a necessary foundation to make our lives significant. Not that Mr. Gerhardi would suggest that Chehov is a follower of Wells,—rather that he "anticipated Mr. Wells." He draws yet another interesting comparison between Tolstoy and Chehov: Tolstoy was "out to see the lie in life;" Chehov "saw the lie, but he also saw farther and deeper. He saw the truth behind the lie . . . and the truth behind the lie evoked pity in him. And this is what made him a great artist."

Mr. Gerhardi has a fine appreciation of Chehov's "artistic handling of psychology;" of the art by which he clothes "a plot of naked irony with pity and human understanding," and of his terse but graphic descriptions, whether of scenes or emotions.

Biographical details are not lacking in this study; it is true they are scattered through two hundred pages, but having read them, no one will readily forget the man Chehov who, in early manhood, wrote "Medicine is my lawful wife, and literature my mistress."

This volume also contains many interesting anecdotal and critical allusions to famous Russian authors and their contemporaries of other lands.

V. Henry-Anderson.

New York City.

Jacob's Room

A cryptic, futurist picture of the topsy-turvyness of life given somewhat as children's puzzles are plotted by numbered dots in Sunday supplements is Jacob's Room (Virginia Woolf, Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Newspaper puzzles yield something understandable, child-fashion. The dots on the paper of *Jacob's Room* cheat us of a story. We get the impression that a young Englishman,—anywhere in space, anywhere in time,—is tumbling down the stairs of life. We are reminded of the picture of a futurist stairway called *Falling Downstairs* which is naively minus any figure, human or otherwise. For we never quite meet Jacob face to face. He is conceived as being there nevertheless. By sudden brilliant flashes of verbal lightning we do catch glimpses of him alighting on sundry landings,—Cambridge, London, Athens. There he brushes swiftly, inconsequentially against other vague, never-to-be-met-again stairway tumblers. Chasms in the continuity of experience are exposed, not explained. We are forced to quick, disconcerting leaps from the intimate and immediate to the remotely abstract and metaphysical. Unrelated moments and moods are intentionally recorded in the disjointed words of a dazed sleep-walker.

One reviewer called *Jacob's Room* the most beautiful prose of the year. It is, however, not a novel. The chapters are self-sufficient entities, brilliant pieces of descriptive writing, character sketches,—of everyone except Jacob,—reflective essays on the illusions of life. Scraps of conversation, irrelevant happenings have the air of promising that in the light of some subsequent knowledge they will prove immensely significant,—only they never do. Façades only are indicated. It is for us to model the backs of people and events. A remark Jacob's mother made about his letters applies to the book. She said, "Jacob tells me really nothing I want to know."

Eleanor Taylor Houghton.

Pasadena, Calif.

The Wind-Boy

Children's eyes are clearer than older eyes; they are forever seeing the world with more wonder and brightness than grown-ups can see it. The children in Ethel Cook Eliot's book, The Wind-Boy (Doubleday, Page, $2.00), can see with such crystal clearness that when their mother, who is modelling a statuette called "The Wind-Boy" fails to give him a happy expression, the children, with their eyes of light, see the real Wind-Boy and make him their playmate. With the happiness they bring him, his expression changes so that the mother can make her statuette a thing of joy and a work of art.

It is a girl from the mountains, whose eyes are like "the purple mountains with calm stars risen in the sky above," who teaches the children to become "deep-

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still" so that they will see into the Clear Land which hangs above our world and is bathed in a pure light. "This land below is only a copy of that shining."

The children in *The Wind-Boy* embody Wordsworth's idea that

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy."

The Wind-Boy himself, who is the best of playmates, might be one of Peter Pan's brothers and the Clear Land another Never-Never Land

Mrs. Eliot is fitted to tell children's stories in an imaginative, whimsical fashion which holds the interest of both little boys and little girls because she has two children of her own, Alexander and Torka. She is the wife of Professor Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., of Smith College.

LOUISE HOVDE.

Northampton, Mass.

Great and Small Things

In these articles (GREAT AND SMALL THINGS, by Sir Ray Lankester, F.R.S., MacMillan, $2.50) a great scientist writes clearly and non-technically for the instruction of ordinary people. None of us, perhaps, can afford to keep a young gorilla as a household pet, but anthropoid John's picture forms the frontispiece of the book, and the first article tells how John was for two years a petted child of a lady in London, for whom he developed an almost human affection, and the untimely parting from whom caused him to pine and die. Much information is incidentally given as to the structure and habits of these rather delicate and sensitive animals, and as to the possibilities of rearing them in captivity for purposes of observation.

Other articles deal with the use of the cinema film for illustrating movements that puzzle by rapidity or otherwise, as in the case of phagocytes devouring harmful bacteria, and of the legs of centipedes and certain marine worms. Such illustrations in the case of larger animals, as the galloping horse, are doubtless familiar.

Three articles deal with pond-snails, their blood, and the peculiar modes of reproduction of certain fleas infesting such snails. This leads up to an account of the liver-fluke and its parasitic life-stages in passing between snail and sheep, and of the researches which have shown farmers how to protect their sheep from the disease.

In articles dealing with longevity, it is reasoned that the mass of our body-cells is merely a husk to "protect the germ-cells until they are set free to multiply and start a new individual or husk, enclosing in its turn a certain number of cells of the immortal germ-plasm." The longevity of the body or "husk" guarding this deathless germ-plasm "is a question of physiological adaptation, varying according to the advantage of the species by natural selection." Thus the tendency to death is innate in the body or "husk" cells. But our aim should be to make it easy for everyone to reach the physiologic limit of age, say one hundred years, and to be healthy and useful to the last.

This book is particularly well worth reading by all who are interested in the problems of life.

WILLIAM R. TYMMS.

St. Louis, Mo.

Voyage

Harold Vinal is known as a sea poet, although he frequently employs other means. He has, however, a specific right to the sea title: While others record the physical aspect of the waters,—Masefield, the storm, the harshness; Millay, the dunes and fishes,—Vinal stresses the intangible, yet none the less potent element which, for want of a more precise word, we call *spirit*.

"Sea folk have speech that is not quite their own,
The sea is in their talk and the sound of water,"

exemplifies the point. That (prepare, gentlemen, here is my gage) that is the insight of genius.

This super-comprehension flashes occasionally through the poet's other themes:

"But in the gloom the frost begins to rub" instances the same knowledge of the uncanny, the sinister,—name it what you will. "Divine things run on light feet," to quote Carl Van Vechten from memory.

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True, of course. Divinity would not be heavy limbed. But there are pitfalls, and a runner may be unwary. Harold Vinal euphonizes too easily, and is at times carried by the sound into barren places. Yet, in sudden modulation, in unexpected chord content, this poet's work is comparable to the music of Cyril Scott.

Let us not quibble. VOYAGE shows no profundity. That may come later. What if it does not? There are many phases of this complexity we call life. Why try to mold all chroniclers alike? Each to his own bent and the world well served thereby, may be as prolific a standard as any.

DAVID PARISH.

Roslindale, Mass.

Hints for Editors

While managing editor of a newspaper in a Southern city I wired the head of the State University Department of Journalism for a "good, fast man." He sent me a youth who held a 440-yard track record, and ever since I have reviewed with suspicion anything that came from a school of journalism.

It took George C. Bastian, who admits he is a copy-reader (copy-cutter, some papers call it) on the Chicago "Tribune" and lecturer in editing at Northwestern University, to change my mind. He has done it with his able exposition of news-gathering and editing, EDITING THE DAY'S NEWS (Macmillan, $2.75).

Although he has put in twenty years at the game, Mr. Bastian approaches it with the curiosity of a Freshman, and consequently gets about all the juice out of the orange. He has even reduced news to a mathematical formula. For instance: 1 ordinary husband+1 ordinary wife=0. But, 1 husband+3 wives=NEWS. Could anything be simpler?

Seriously, however, the book tells what news is, how it is gathered, and how it should be written and edited. It will greatly help in licking cub reporters into shape, and the men at the top will also gain by reading it. In fact, anyone who reads newspapers will find it interesting; anyone who writes them will find it doubly so.

TOM FREEMAN.

Ada, Ohio.

Baseball Plus Intellect

Heywood Broun in THE SUN FIELD (Putnam, $2.00) brings in his wife, Ruth Hale, President of the Lucy Stone League; "Yes! We Have No Bananas," that erstwhile popular song; the Ziegfeld "Follies;" Jane Cowl; and sundry other persons and things.

The story is about a home-run king who marries a girl that writes for an advanced magazine like "The New Republic," and what happens before and after the marriage. It all begins when Judith Winthrop sees Tiny Tyler catch a ball in the "Sun Field." She says he looks like a Greek God. He takes her to see *Romeo and Juliet* and then in a few weeks they are married. There are a few complications in the plot, but it ends up with Tiny becoming a Congressman with Judith writing his speeches.

We enjoyed this very much. The action is full of pep,—indeed, it is like his "colyum" in "The World."

This is the best of his two novels, although it has not the whimsical quality of the "Boy Grew Older." If you're a baseball fan, you'll like it even more.

A Burlesque

This book, SARAH OF THE SAHARA (Putnam, $2.50), is by Walter E. Trapock, the noted and brave explorer. He is in pursuit of the beautiful Sarah, he being a "Dhub" of that powerful tribe, the Moplahs. His chief follower, who is called Ab-Do-Men, very faithfully helps him.

When we picked this up, we laughed heartily, but as time went on we chuckled and then stopped altogether. It is best to read this about three or four chapters at a time. It gives you more laughs. In writing this, Dr. Trapock has given a dig at the modern "Shiek" novel in a very effective way.

GOULD CASSAL (Age 13).

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The editors cannot undertake the responsibility of returning all manuscripts of reviews not found available for publication. Only typewritten scripts will be considered.

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New Books Received

Art

GEORGES SEURAT, Walter Pach. Duffield, $2.00.

WILLIAMS GLACKENS, Forbes Watson. Duffield, $2.00.

Autobiography

ADVENTURES IN JOURNALISM, Sir Philip Gibbs. Harper & Bros., $2.50.

Biography

BOSTON DAYS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, Martha A. S. Shannon. Marshall Jones, Boston.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER, H. G. Wells. Macmillan, $1.50.

Biology

GREEK BIOLOGY AND MEDICINE, Henry Osborn Taylor. Marshall Jones.

Economics

THE PERSONAL RELATION IN INDUSTRY, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Boni & Liveright, $1.75.

LEGAL FOUNDATIONS OF CAPITALISM, John R. Commons. Macmillan, $3.00.

THE ECONOMICS OF FREEDOM, David Atkins. Duffield, $4.00.

Fiction

BROTHERS OF NO KIN AND OTHER STORIES, Conrad Richter. Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York.

THE HEIGHTS, A STORY OF VISION, Marguerite Bryant. Duffield, $2.00.

THE SEA, Bernard Kellerman. (Trans. from the German by Sasha Best.) Robert McBride, $2.00.

THE BOOK OF BLANCHE, Dorothy Richardson. Little, Brown, Boston, $2.00.

BROKEN BUTTERFLIES, Henry Walsworth Kinney. Little, Brown, $2.00.

THE LONG WALK OF SAMBA DIOUF, Jerome and Jean Tharaud. (Trans. by Willis Steell.) Duffield, $1.75.

Literature

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, A Practical Text-Book, by Edward Albert. Thomas Y. Crowell, $2.50.

THE SAYINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, Frederick Chamberlin. Dodd, Mead, New York, $4.00.

Medicine

HEREDITY AND CHILD CULTURE, Henry Dwight Chapin, M.D. E. P. Dutton, $2.50.

National Affairs

HOUSING PROGRESS IN WESTERN EUROPE, Edith Elmer Wood. Dutton, $3.00.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND POLITICS OF TOKYO, A SURVEY AND OPINIONS, Charles A. Beard. Macmillan, $2.50.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY, Vanderveer Custis. Macmillan, $2.25.

POLITICAL ACTION, Seba Eldridge. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS; A SELECTION OF SPEECHES . . . William E. Borah (Ed. Horace Green). Duffield, $2.00.

Philosophy

LIVE AND GROW YOUNG, Arthur Edward Stilwell. Youth Publishing Company, New York, $2.00.

Poetry

ON A GREY THREAD, Elsa Gidlow. Will Ransom, Chicago, $1.50.

WORD PICTURES, B. L. Heustis. McBride.

THE RING OF LOVE, Brookes More. Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, $4.50.

THE POEMS OF JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, GRAY, AND COLLINS. (The Muses Library), edited by T. Methuen Ward. Dutton, $1.00.

AT THE ROOTS OF GRASSES, Muriel Strode. Moffat, Yard & Company, New York, $2.00.

A HALF CENTURY OF SONNETS, Gustav Davidson. Nicholas L. Brown, New York, $3.50.

Religion

FAITH AND HEALTH, Charles Reynolds Brown (revised and enlarged edition). Thomas Y. Crowell, $2.00.

THE RELIGION OF THE SOCIAL PASSION, Charles Henry Dickinson. Christian Century Press, $1.75.

THE WINNING OF THE FAR EAST; *A Study of the Christian Movement in China, Korea, and Japan*, Sidney L. Gulick. Geo. H. Doran, New York, $1.35.

Sociology

DARKER PHASES OF THE SOUTH, Frank Tannenbaum. G. P. Putnam's Sons, $2.00.

Miscellaneous

AN OUTLAW'S DIARY: II. *The Commune*, Cecile Tormay. Robert McBride, $3.00.

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Ph.D., Litt.D., D.C.L., L.H.D.

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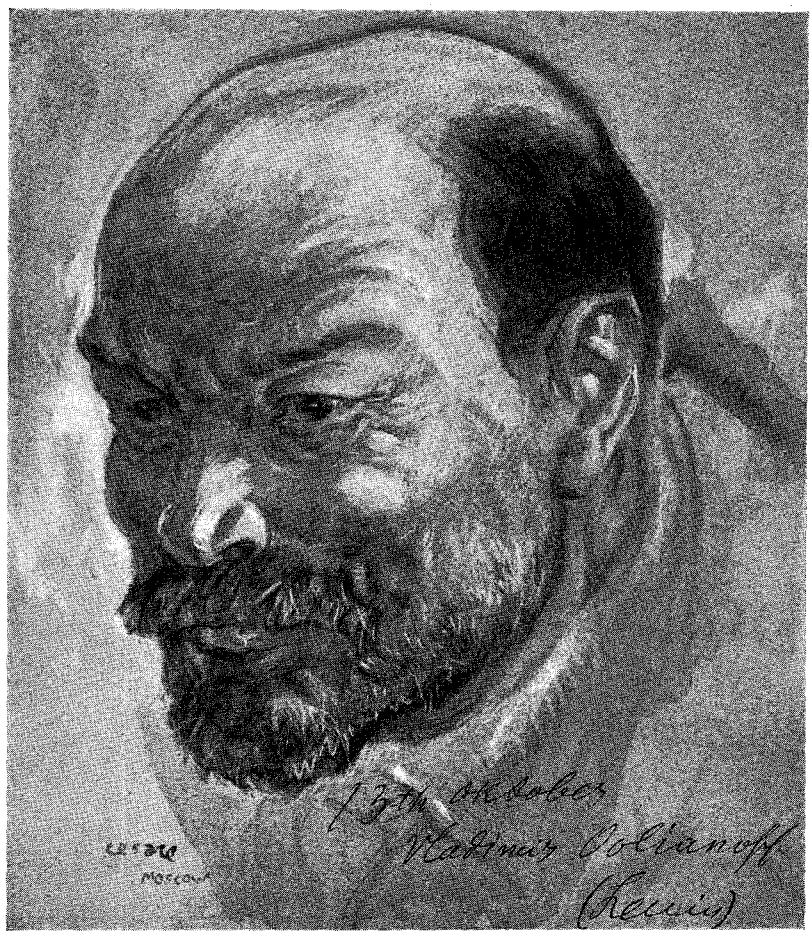

LENIN

This sketch was made by Mr. Cesare in Moscow. It is the only portrait for which the late dictator of Russia is known to have posed, —and perhaps the only portrait he ever autographed. It has already been reproduced in "The New York Times"

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